VOLUME 155 NUMBER 7

LOOKING FORWARD

NEWSPAPERS by the score and economists by the thousands—not to speak of exporters, manufacturers and bankers—have protested long and loudly during the weary months while Congress has been dallying with the Tariff Bill. No worse bill, they aver, was ever written. Even this journal which does not pretend to be an expert upon the matter has been reduced to such a state that its editors have finally characterized the Act as a "political plum, but an economic lemon." But that Congress would improve the bill or President Hoover veto it has been but a faint hope.

ONE REASON for this is the apathy of the general public. As all editors know, the tariff is one of the most difficult political subjects to dramatize. Ask the ordinary man what he thinks of the tariff and he will reply, "What tariff?" Congressmen are as well aware of this as are all editors and economists—which accounts for most of the tariff bills. And, incidentally, for many of the ills of democracy.

IN THIS ISSUE we are fortunate to be able to present to our readers an analysis of the whole subject which to our mind is notable for its clear presentation and logical thinking. Most men who know Mr. Paul Mazur are convinced that he knows what he is talking about. We think our readers will agree once they have read "Tragedy of the Tariff."

IT IS A TRUISM in the field of belief that the heresy of one generation is the orthodoxy of the next. In the political field it is not unlikely that something of the same sort may occur to the tariff conviction of the Republican party, particularly as the country exports more and more and becomes a creditor nation on a huge scale, and our situation demands an approach to the traditional free trade attitude of Great Britain. The question will come up again and again until the day may arrive when it will equal Prohibition in popular interest.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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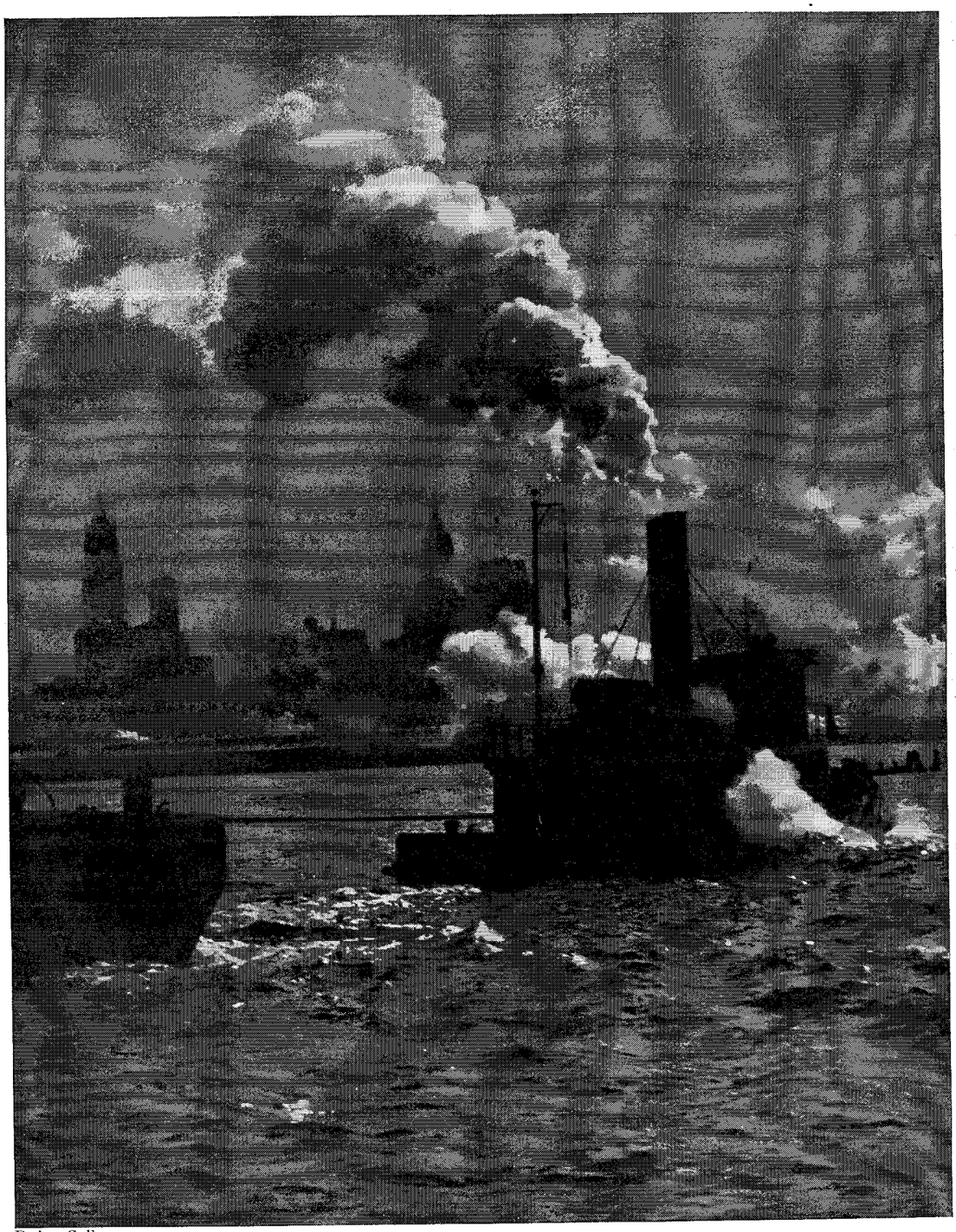

Ewing Galloway

New York Harbor

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OUTLOOK
and Independent
June 18, 1930

Tragedy of the Tariff

Its Economic and Moral Implications

By PAUL M. MAZUR

Congress is scheduled to take final action on the tariff during the week this issue of the Outlook reaches its audience. Mr. Paul M. Mazur, looking at the bill dispassionately, points out that the opposition has come from "safe and sound conservatives." This is because "America is at the opening of a new era, economically and politically"

AMERICA today is the stage of an exciting spectacle. This is a time of rapid pulses; bright flashes of color streak our political and economic horizons; voices rarely audible make themselves heard. The period that began with a dramatic explosion in the stock market has not yet subsided into the relative silence of normal activity. It would not be surprising if future historians should consider these present days of ours among the most dramatic and decisive in our history.

The center of the troubled scene is unquestionably the present Tariff Bill. Other tariffs have aroused public interest in America, brought important questions to the foreground, and aroused controversy. But the tariff apparition that makes its bow today to the American people is the most sweeping upward revision in the history of the country. It touches some fifteen hundred items and levies a higher tax than ever before upon most of them; the product of long and mutual adjustment in the interests of local politics, it seems to have omitted nothing that the United States imports from other nations. Never before has the average American had so much at stake in a tariff issue, and never before have foreign nations been so vitally involved in an American economic policy.

THE STORM of opposition broke early, and probably it will be long before the turmoil dies down entirely. The consumer, long regarded as the scapegoat of high protection, has made the air ring with his cries. He has, of course, always shown some resistance to tariff raises, so that his protests may be discounted as not unique; but his opposition to the present tariff measure appears to be unusually strong. The disapproval of many of the foremost economic and political authorities in the country and the warning sounded by one thousand university professors have added more color to the scene. Something threatening in the atmosphere has driven our intellectual aristocracy into the open, and its sally has not been without effect, apparently. Partisans of the tariff have hurried to the defense and vigorously denounced the professors as unpatriotic, impractical, and unimportant.

More curiously still, the tariff seems to be losing old friends. For protegés of the present Tariff Bill, the farmers are remarkably lukewarm and grumbling. For friends of long standing, many American industrialists are astonishingly critical. It is mainly industry that the tariff proposes to protect, and for industry to turn its back to the proffered hand is most unusual. Moreover, the many business leaders who have registered their opposition in letters and in public declarations have no great reputation for unorthodox views. These are no radicals, no obstinate free-traders, no chronic malcontents who are complaining, but safe and sound conservatives.

The story is complicated by many factors, and it is impossible to give adequate treatment to all of them in a short article. But it is unavoidable to discover in the present alignment of forces against the present tariff revision a unique and significant phenomenon. It is unfortunate that Americans are not interested in a non-partisan view of the situation, for partisans are generally prone to let essentials escape them.

Actually, America is at the opening of a new era, economically and politically. There is no nation to contest the American aristocracy of mass production; America possesses the largest markets; America is, besides, the world's largest creditor. And yet, today the United States is undergoing a period of business depression that strikes fear and dismay into the hearts of many. Since the War, the government has constantly intruded itself into industry, agriculture, and foreign trade, establishing a precedent of the greatest importance. But, thus far, government intervention has been impotent to check the onward rush of the Juggernaut of recession, and today most business forecasts are listless or discouraging. Many among us, especially those who have European-trained minds and consequently do not put their trust in the extensibility of consumption, are beginning to wonder whether the great mass-production system we have inaugurated will not crush us in the end. Today many American economic and business leaders are beginning to worry about new channels into which to conduct the creative energy American enterprise has re-

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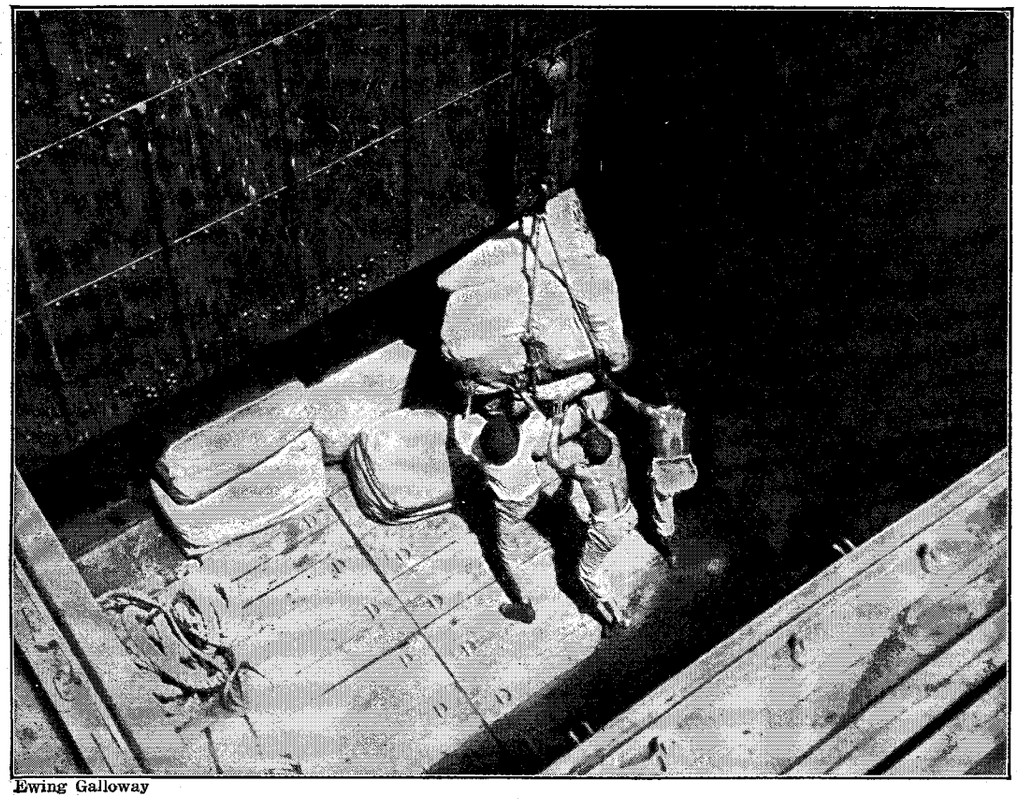

Ewing Galloway

Our mass production system is more in need of markets than it is of protection

leased, and every sign leads to the conclusion that America is again at the crossroads.

THE STRUGGLE that rages over the tariff issue cannot be adequately understood apart from this background. The opponents of the present Tariff Bill, like its proponents, are motivated largely by self interest; and if their numbers have swelled so much it is because men are reacting directly or indirectly to new demands and changed interests.

History is a pattern whose warp and woof are lines of economic interest. Once more the pattern of history is being woven by economic motives; once more political and social attitudes are being determined by material requirements. The traditional protectionism of America was an answer to one set of conditions, and the present widespread opposition to the high tariff reflects another set of economic demands. But the issue is not yet clearly defined in the minds of most Americans. Americans continue to react in the old manner, thinking the thoughts of former generations whose needs were different from our own; many Americans are trying to pour the new wine into old, cracked bottles. All our past errors of provincialism seem to have risen up to confuse and confound us, and the only way of escape is the neglected road of reason.

For more than half a century, the United States has possessed an excess of exports over purchases in her foreign trade. This condition—variously denominated an export surplus and a favorable balance of trade—has come to be considered the proper heritage of America. To sell more than one buys seems to be always a desirable arrangement, and the export surplus stands high in the favor of the American people. Because America has pursued a high protectionist policy during the continuance of the export surplus, it has been perhaps inevitable that the tariff should be credited as the responsible instrument. A peculiarly naïve belief has prevailed in America that our export surplus is merely the product of our zeal in foreign markets abetted by a wise tariff policy on the part of Congress. Expand sales by means of efficient selling, at the same time restricting imports, and the arithmetic result must be a surplus of exports over imports.

It is so simple a matter to prick this bubble that it seems incredible it has not been destroyed before. Even a brief review of the American export surplus should be sufficient to dispel the notion that it has been the product of a tariff barrier against imports.

America in the nineteenth century was a country of vast stretches of land and natural resources which required cultivation. Possessing for a long time almost no financial resources of her own, she was compelled to turn to the Old World for assistance, and it is a historical fact that America's railroads and major industries were developed largely by foreign capital. America's rise to industrial maturity was paralleled by America's increasing indebtedness. As early as 1837, our European borrowings were already a significant factor in our international trade. By 1900, they amounted to approximately three and a half billions, and until the World War we were a great debtor nation.

America's indebtedness involved the payment of interest in steadily increasing amounts, until these averaged not less than two hundred million dollars annually for many years prior to the World War. Other lesser forms of indebtedness added themselves to the payments America was compelled to make every year, and America's total obligations amounted to several hundred millions of dollars annually.

For a time, the country was able to make payment by borrowing additional capital from foreign creditors. But when our new importations of capital were more than offset by our increased obligations, it became necessary to ship goods in excess of imports, and the great American export surplus came into being. Interest and services, such as charges for freight and tourist expenditures, are called by economists invisible items, but the obligation they impose is quite as real as the necessity of paying for material goods. The simple facts then are that until the World War our export surplus was no basis for self-congratulation, but a necessary condition for us. We could not have remained solvent otherwise.

The World War reversed America's international standing. As a result of the War, America not only repurchased practically all of her securities held by foreign investors, but floated loans, private and governmental, to the extent of many billions of dollars.

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From a debtor nation in 1914, America became transformed into the greatest creditor nation in the history of the world. In the decade that followed the conclusion of the War, America not only maintained but also increased her creditor status, until today the world owes us the incredible sum of twenty billion dollars as against an obligation of four billion dollars on our own part.

IT HAS been a long-standing axiom of economics that just as a debtor nation must ultimately send a surplus of exports to its creditor, so a creditor nation must, in the long run, receive a surplus of imports from the debtor nation. Judged, then, by every economic sign, our international trading should have shown a surplus of *imports* since about 1919. Nevertheless, it is a historical fact that during this very period of our creditorship, we have maintained annual surpluses of exports larger in amount than at any period of time before—with the exception of the War itself. This fact has been pointed out as an evidence of the invalidity of economic laws and the inadequacy of economic theory.

Unfortunately, however, such is not the case, and the simple rule of economics and arithmetic still holds true. The prime reason why we have been able to maintain a surplus of exports in spite of our creditor position, lies in our ability and willingness to advance large amounts of capital to foreign nations. Our loans to other nations have practically equaled our excess of exports over imports. Not the protective tariff, but American financing of foreign purchases has been responsible for the maintenance of our so-called favorable balance of trade. There is every reason to believe that this condition cannot continue, and ultimately foreign nations will have to ship an excess of goods over purchases to America.

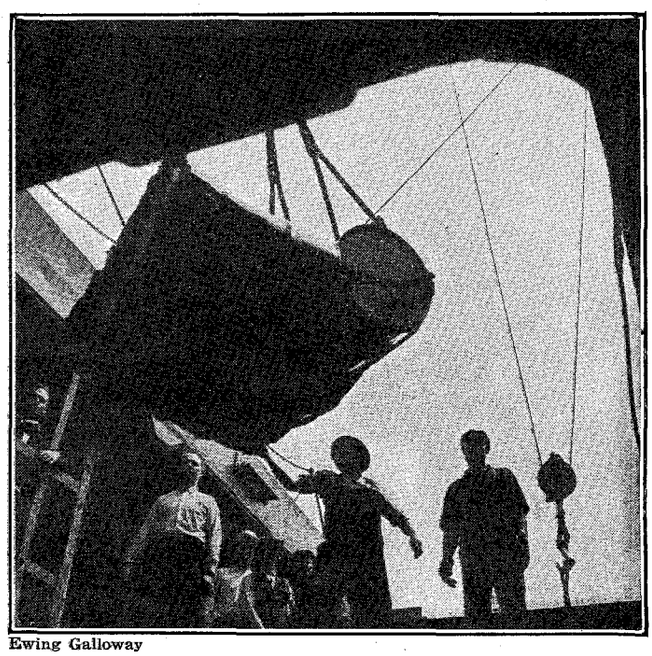
To expect the high tariff to perform the miracle of preserving our export surplus on the day when an import surplus becomes an arithmetical necessity is to ignore economic and financial realities. There are technical ways by which any American tariff, short of a complete embargo, can be surmounted by a surplus of imports. And, besides, it is only common sense to realize that if our debtors are to pay their interest charges, when these exceed their credits in America, they will have to ship a surplus of goods over purchases to this country. They will have no other means of paying, and it is certain that the American tariff will not provide them with any.

Actually, the tariff will only aggravate the difficulty of safely accepting an import surplus when the arithmetical necessity for one develops. At present our imports are four and our exports five billion dollars. If the Tariff Bill reduces our future imports to three billions, it is obvious that the requirement of a surplus of imports would automatically slash down our exports to a figure *below* three billion. If we assume an import surplus of only half a billion dollars, our exports would be reduced from five to two and a half billion dollars, and a fifty per cent reduction in our future export trade is surely nothing on which to congratulate one's self. To the degree that a high tariff results in a decrease in our imports, it imposes the arithmetic necessity of a more drastic reduction in our exports in the future.

As an immediate concern to the country's economic welfare, the tariff is equally replete with danger. It is a familiar axiom that the high tariff is designed to protect the nation's industries. In the nineteenth century when the United States was still industrially in its infancy, the objective of the tariff was the safeguarding of young and struggling industries against the competition of the maturer business organization of Europe. That today our important industries are still in need of any degree of protection against foreign competitors is open to question, but it is possible, at least for supporters of the tariff, to see danger ahead in Europe's lower standards of living and wages. Rightly or wrongly, the tariff is once more called upon to take American industry under its wing.

Unfortunately, the times have altered, and we are no longer free to do what we please with our tariff. This nation, practically shutting its gates upon many imports, is no longer an economically immature and financially handicapped country, but the world's creditor and its industrial colossus. The largest part of the gold supply of the world is in American hands, and payment in gold for imports of American goods is negligible as a possibility. Payment by means of services is hardly more possible. Our requirements for services create large credits for foreign nations, but these are more than canceled by our annual interest receipts. Moreover, these interest payments are increasing every year. It becomes increasingly necessary for the nations of the world to ship goods to us in payment, and if, instead of increasing we restrict our imports from them, we limit their ability to buy from us by just so much.

SENTIMENT aggravates the situation considerably. National jealousies and chauvinism, and the fear of unmitigated American dominance, have engendered a point of view inimical to American products. Everywhere people are clamoring for protection against our goods and today tariff retaliation is more than a vague possibility. If we raise tariff barriers, so can other nations. Already, France has placed a crushing tariff on American automobiles, Canada has increased duties on many American products, and Argentina is contemplating changes which will affect adversely many American exports. Many countries have "most-favored nation" agreements with us, whereby our goods enjoy special privileges. A revision of these treaties is imminent. Thirty governments protested



Ewing Galloway

To cripple our export industry is to lose contact with the markets of the world

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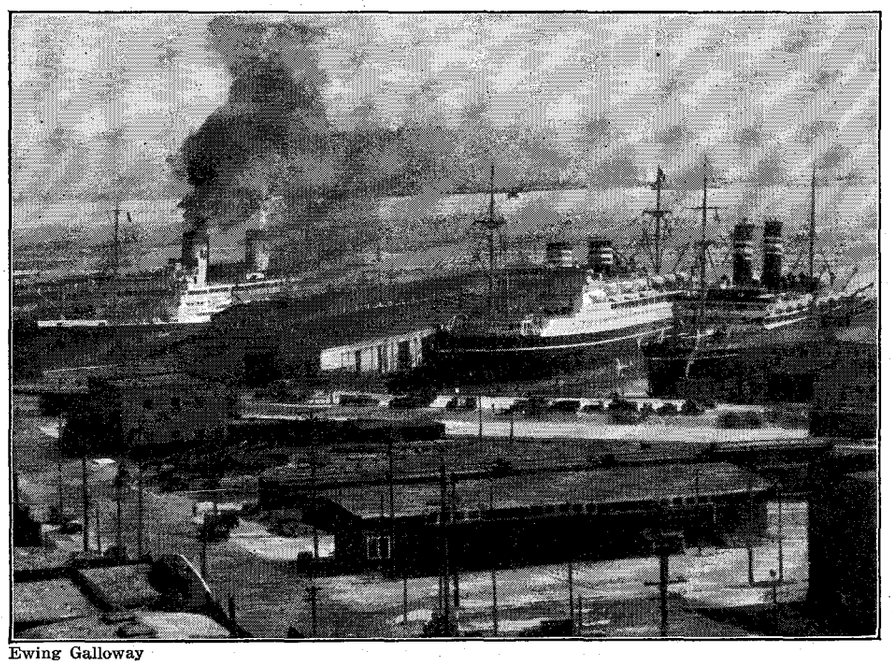
individually last year against the proposed Tariff Bill, and remonstrances from important foreign interests have continued to pour into the United States from several continents. That popular resentment and tariff retaliation can cut large slices out of our export trade is a foregone conclusion. Undoubtedly, at least some part of the twenty per cent drop in our exports for this year is due to discrimination against American products.

Several years ago, the plan of a federated Europe was regarded as little more than the vision of an impractical idealist. Today the proposal may meet with a variety of criticism and may still be considered premature, but sentiment is definitely in favor of close political and economic ties among the European nations. Interest in federation is greatly stimulated by the need of some concerted defense against the United States.

Already many industries that depend upon foreign markets for part of their sales are exporting themselves and establishing foreign plants. Today there are important American branches in Ireland, on the Continent, and in the Latin Americas. This is how some of our industrial leaders are preparing for the day of widespread tariff reprisals. The profits of these industries may in this way be safeguarded; but American industry is losing sales and American labor, employment, by the transportation of a part of our normal industry to other countries. Labor does not look with favor upon the fashion of expatriation, although to a large degree labor has only itself to blame, for having added to the weight of high protectionist sentiment in the United States. Further expatriation will undoubtedly benefit other parts of the world, but it will be a decided loss to America.

Few people see the obvious fact that inherent in the triumph of high protection today are a variety of factors inimical to our export possibilities and to the industries depending upon them. The effectiveness of the present Tariff Bill to protect home markets against foreign encroachment must result in a decrease in the sales of those of our home industries that depend upon foreign markets. In the light of these considerations, the present Tariff Bill is planning to pay Paul by the ungracious process of robbing Peter.

THE EVIL does not, however, end with our export industries. Unfortunately, a reduction in exports can reach far beyond the confines of the industries producing for foreign trade. The absolutely independent economic units disappeared with the middle ages, and one might as well attempt to establish a line of demarcation between the waters of the North and South Atlantic as try to compartmentalize modern industry. The consequences of a reduction in our export trade must reverberate throughout our industrial structure, leaving few important industries unaffected.



Ewing Galloway

Waterfront scene in San Francisco

Even the industries which are expected to benefit by the various protective clauses of the Tariff Bill will find that they have bartered a lesser for a greater evil. If the loss of our foreign sales causes a reduction in income and employment in the industries producing for export, the industries producing primarily for the home market will be faced with the serious problem of an impoverished consumer. Carelessly exposed, our export industries can easily become the Achilles' heel of triumphant America.

The extent to which our exports may be diminished cannot be pre-determined because it is difficult at the present time to gauge the effects of the Tariff Bill even in approximate terms. But it is by no means improbable that a reduction of our exports by thirty per cent or $1,500,000,000 may follow as a consequence of our present efforts to reduce imports.

It is true, of course, that a loss of one and one-half billions of trade represents only a small fraction of our entire annual volume. Nevertheless, such a loss is more than half as large as our entire automobile business; and even the most hardened protectionist will admit that a fifty per cent schedule for the automotive trade would be detrimental to the well-being of the nation.

The reduction in industrial activity attendant upon a marked decrease in our exports is a formidable threat to our economic security. There is exquisite irony in a protective tariff which far from protecting domestic industry leaves it exposed to dangers greater than any that normally threaten it. Protection that does not protect must shake the gods with laughter.

For us who are no gods the spectacle is more tragic than comic. The present is no time for inviting difficulties for any branch of our industrial activity—least of all for that which engages in foreign trade. Recovery from the stock market debacle has been slow, and there is no very great promise in the immediate future for most of the industries that supported the relative prosperity of the decade just ended. They appear to have reached a point of stabilization, and for the future their growth will be limited to the leisurely process of moderate expansion.

But the world is still at the threshold of economic development. Vast and remunerative markets await the hands that will cultivate them. Almost everywhere

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▶▶ Idols ◀◀

By CLAUDE BRAGDON

EVERY AGE has its idols and abhors the idols of every age other than its own. I have handled the bones of Carthigenian children taken from the ruins of the temple of Moloch, but I know people who by pressure, precept and example are even now offering up their own children on the altar of Success. I have witnessed the struggles of some of these sacrificial victims in the fierce fire of competition, lured there under compulsion of that same Public Opinion which in Carthage made it a merit to serve the granite maw of Moloch with the flower of the youth of the land.

For there is something in the evil spirit of the times which dictates that every one shall demonstrate, as early and as emphatically as possible, his quality, not in terms of character, but of accomplishment, whether commercial, professional or scholastic—to make a lot of money, to write a best seller, to hold an exhibition, to win a scholarship or what not—to show, in fine, a dog's skin with every string of sausage; to stick in one's thumb and pull out a plum and shout, "What a great boy am I!"

WE ARE all of us open at all times to the power of suggestion—the gigantic fabric of modern advertising has been reared on the discovery and utilization of this fact, but young people are particularly susceptible to that power because they are unformed and uninformed, confiding, credulous, ready to take any image—"wax to receive and marble to retain." Now all this success-idolatry, with its monstrous machinery of success-literature, success-lectures, success-advertising, and the exploitation in the interests of these things of successful personalities—what might be called, to coin a word, *whoswhoosis*—acts upon the plastic mind of youth in a manner little short of coercive. Only the strongest and most independent can escape the infection of the "success first" virus, administered as it is under the guise of business procedure, economics, practical psychology and other resounding titles.

There would be nothing evil in all this if the ideal of success held up for emulation were a true one; but it is always the success which can be measured in terms of money, fame, social prestige or power over others; the idea being that you haven't hit the bull's eye unless you've made the bell ring—achieved *frontpageism* (to coin another word). If you asked these success-ministers and mongers anything about the attainment of unity of being, about that order of happiness and contentment which according to Emerson is "the end of culture and success enough," they would not know what you meant. Their technique (as is always the case in idolatrous worship) consists largely in the arousing of fear—the driving of people successward through fear that they will not succeed—and fear is of course automatically destructive of unity of being, happiness and contentment of mind.

IT IS this fear of failure—always, as I said before, the dark shadow of idolatry—which is corroding the secret hearts of so many young people today, inducing melancholia, the feeling of inferiority, afflicting them with obscure nervous disorders and sometimes even driving them to self-destruction. This fear of failure is kept alive and operative by the constant *appeal to fear* in the success-literature and advertising which, more literally than figuratively, hits them in the eyes wherever they look—the gigantic question mark, the pointed gun, the accusing finger, and all those warnings against every kind of infection which are themselves the worst of all infection because suggestive of some new fear to be added to our long catalogue of fears. Moreover, this fear of failure, which is the fertile cause of failure, is fostered in schools and colleges through the mediumship of elections, examinations and all sorts of quite unnecessary competitive tests, which, however designed to weed out the unfit, result more often in the humiliation and discouragement of the scholastic and social non-conformists—the very ones which are likely to contain the most precious of all human paste if dealt with differently.

We are revolted at the very idea of child marriages in India but are complacent enough about these young crushed lives, forced unions, and the wasting of the seed of talents still unripe. We would make a bond salesman of young Hamlet, and encourage Ophelia to addle her brains over book-keeping and stenography solely to become the secretary of that malefactor of great wealth, King Claudius. But bad as is this get-rich-or-get-famous attitude in the business and professional field, it is even more disastrous in literature and the arts because it results in such a welter of inane and irresponsible production as to blunt the organs of our receptivity and impair the power of discrimination on which primarily a sound æsthetic depends—for the very word means *to perceive*. Furthermore, the compromises incident to the achievement of a quick success or of making a talent marketable are deadly to the artist: his Pegasus becomes a hack, art becomes an industry—for when the joy goes out of creation, the creative faculty itself soon ceases to function.

"Things are differentiated by their consciousness." The spirit, the mood, the animating motive whereby a thing gets done determine its true quality and importance. This is the reason why, the moment an artist begins to think too much about gain, fame or praise, he ceases to be in the true sense an artist. For art is not a shop or a show-window, with everything displayed, priced and advertised; rather it is a stadium for the exercise and development of latent greatnesses of spirit, the important thing in the practice of any art being not what the practitioner may produce; but what *it* may produce in *him:* what effect it may have upon his consciousness. The true artist spends his life wrestling with an angel without hope of victory and with only the strengthening of his spiritual sinews for reward. Great works of art are mere by-products of this struggle, the shed blood of the conflict, so to speak. A symphony by Beethoven or a statue by Michelangelo are but the testaments of beauty-tormented spirits—blood stains of love-battles with their bright-dark dæmons who would give them no rest.

TO THE young man or young woman of today, standing, with uncertain feet, on the threshold of a "career," dimly aware that the cruel every-day is capable of being transformed into a festival of labor, love and achievement, with the valiant consciousness that something glorious and radiant is ordained for them if only they will be "true," I would say: Resist all efforts

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▶▶ Arkansas Fox Hunt ◀◀

By CHARLES MORROW WILSON

A HOUND yelped petulantly. Another answered from across the little river. Then there was a generous chorus of yelps. The camp song stopped, and in the lazy half-light of the stump fire we could see the singer bent far forwards on the low pine bench, listening tensely. When the barking had died away, he called, his sturdy voice cutting clearly through the chill air—

"Henry!"

There was an answering "Yeah."

"Let's get started. The dawgs is honin' to scent."

Assent was general. Hill men strolled out from among the shadows and misty fringings of night. They were piling new brush wood upon the fire. Cherry-red flames climbed high and gave forth golden sparks. Now the circle about the fire was complete, uplanders in blue denim overalls and fleece-collared jackets, swaggering and quietly amiable. Light-framed men they were, most of them bent somewhat by wind and sun and hard labor. Others were weathered and erect with the determined grace of forest white-oaks.

Henry climbed to the bench. He was a tall man, cleanly shaven and ruddy skinned, and possessed of an undisputed mark of leadership. With consummate deliberateness, Henry took a hitch in the fore-buckle of his baggy overalls, pushed his black felt hat to the back of his head and spat.

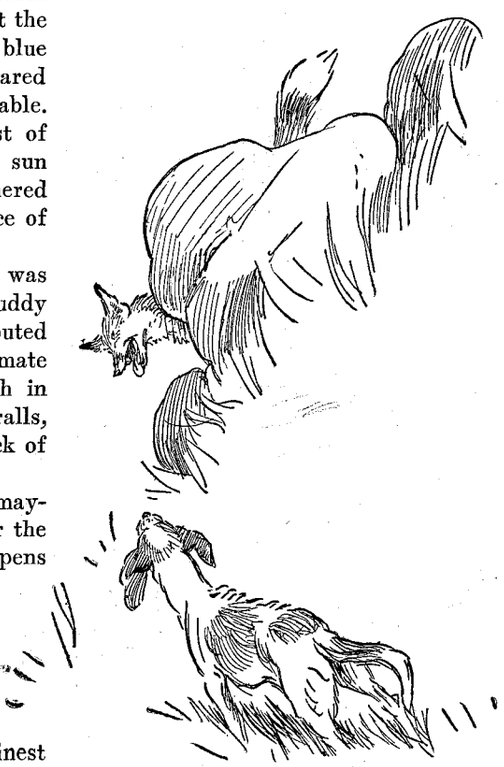
"Boys, I've jest been thinkin' that maybe this here's the night to try after the old cotton-white. . . . And it jest happens that they's a stranger with us this time, a feller from up in Missouri. He's new amongst the Arkansas hills and he ain't never been to our hunt before. His name is called Pete Long, and they tell me as how Pete's got three of the finest fox-huntin' dawgs a man ever see, and I was jest wonderin' how it would be to give him the old cotton-white to hunt after."

There could be no reasonable denying that such a courtesy was due a guest who had come all the way from Missouri bringing along a passel of such distinguished hounds.

"Somebody should give them dawgs of Mr. Long's a good race. Ben, how about your pack?"

Ben was a slight, gracefully-built hill boy who stood apart from the peering circle. He was modestly hesitant, protesting that matched against such distinguished dogs as Mr. Long's were, his puppies would be nothing more than an insult.

But Henry coaxed and reasoned, until Ben agreed to run all six of his dogs. And two other hill men agreed to pit theirs with the stellar dogs from Missouri, and so the first pack was completed, thirteen trailers. Principals of the first race were unleashing their dogs from pivoting wagon wheels, lean, rangy, skewball hounds that leaped and yapped with impatience, eyes sparkling with the promise of chase.



Illustrations from "Forty Fine Ladies," by Patrick Chalmers and Cecil Aldin (Eyre and Spottiswoode, Ltd. London)

HENRY coughed and continued: "Now I reckon that takes care of the cotton-white. But they's a couple or three red foxes, good ones all right, but jest plain reds, that live a ways up Bresh creek. Jake, it looks to me like your-all's dawgs, along with them of Tom's and Sam Dowder's and Tola's and any others that is honin' to run, you all, had ought to organize to handle them reds."

A fine-featured hill man shuffled forwards hesitantly.

"Henry, before we all stroll off for the night, don't you reckon we'd ought to, say, have some sort of a little meetin' and tell the visitin' folks somethin' about the association, and say a few words about them of us that has passed on since last huntin' time?"

The onlookers indicated their approval and sank leisurely to the frost-whitened grass.

"Well, I guess maybe you're right."

Henry readjusted his galluses and pondered for words: "Ain't much sense a tellin' about this here association though. We all know hit's been holdin' fox hunts every fall for close onto two generation, and in all that time, so fur as I know of, we ain't never caught a fox. . . . I reckon that's a record to be proud of, too, because this here association has always figgered on havin' sport and not bloodshed.

"Like Cab was a-sayin' though, they's several of us gone since last huntin' time. . . . Uncle Wade Sikes ain't with us no more. Uncle Wade lived to be a hundred and one. He taken in thirty-seven fox hunts and relished every one of 'em.

"And there was Bill Coldiron. Bill was a good hunter and a good man. And there was Bert Lacey's boy, Herman. . . . He was jest twenty-three. . . . He loved huntin' and dawgs for jest their own sakes—taken to 'em natural. . . . Herman was good to life—and life was good to Herman."

The hunters waited for a time in silence. The fire spluttered reassuringly. We listened to the song of the little river which half-way circled the camp ground. Flint pebbles shone silvery and fairy-like in the first early dusting of moonlight. Then a sharply pitched barking broke the lull:

"They done gone on old cotton-white's trail."

The real business of the night was on. The dog-owners last designated were leading out their hounds. The crowd was breaking up into watching parties, still clusters of night men who moved silently up the hillside or made across the creek bed towards far-off hillsides. We waited for a time, watching the shifting panorama of men and fire-light. Then after a bit, Henry strolled over to speak howdy and we commenced getting the how of things.

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A COTTON-WHITE is a gray fox that happens to be white, a sort of albino of the species, usually swifter and more cunning than the general run of foxes. Henry had seen this particular cotton-white many times during the course of the ten preceding years, had watched him trot leisurely across open fields, with a score of pursuing hounds lost somewhere far behind, which was altogether fitting and proper.

For fox-hunting in the Arkansas hills is based upon a sort of gentleman's agreement between hound and fox to provide a night's entertainment for both, with man as a reclining spectator.

The hunters go along principally for yarn-spinning and fun-making. They do not ride after the game. Instead they reckon to perpetuate the venerable sport by sitting about watch fires built high upon hill-tops, listening to the yapping and baying of the trailing hounds, identifying the particular "mouth" of each dog, and so locating the fleetest trailer and the fastest pack. They do not kill or bring about suffering.

"They's a law in Arkansas pertectin' foxes," offered Henry, "and if ary one should ever get caught it would be onfortunate for ever-who owned the dawgs."

"But how do they keep the dogs from catching foxes?"

"Well, the foxes look after that. You see, these here foxes take out through the rough ground where they's caves and briar bed and steep hollers and bluffs and lime sinks and so they can outsmart a dawg every time.

"A fox is liable, too, to live all his life in one holler and the chances is that he knows that holler mighty well. A fox like this cotton-white—you couldn't ketch him with a thousand dawgs."

There are plentiful grounds for inferring that foxes enjoy the chase as much as the hounds do. As a rule, the furry brethren are "spotted" in the close vicinity of their dens. But in place of straightwith seeking refuge in a propitious cave or sink hole or bluff crevice, they strike out and run, almost invariably in concentric circles about the point of starting, keeping to the ravines and brushy valleys, until too closely pressed; then, if need be, they can take a shortcut to the protectorate of their dens.

Foxes show brilliant strategy in retreat. Sometimes they will turn about and back-track for several hundred yards, then make a far jump and so set out upon a new trail. Frequently, too, the subjects of the hunts will cross trail with that of a convenient brother, a point of stratagem which proves equally baffling to the hounds, particularly to young dogs who are unable to distinguish between fresh trails and trails that are not so fresh.

In their native countryside, foxes never run in pellmell confusion. You may see them at times, now jumping high in the air to look ahead, now pausing to listen for the hounds who may likely be booing and yapping at a cold trail miles and miles behind. Foxes appear to have no very great fear of men. Frequently enough they will shortcut through the thick of a hunting camp, running leisurely, but with knowing precision. A majority of the hunts are held in mid-autumn, usually in late October. They begin directly after sundown and last usually until well past midnight, depending upon the prevalence of moonshine and conversation. But so far as hound and fox are concerned, the chases are all-night affairs. Sometimes they last until well in the following morning. The hounds come ambling in towards noonday, winded and trailworn.

NEW-COMERS joined us about the mellow fire, a moonshiner, a fiddler, a circuit judge and a water-hauler. After a considerable spell of reckoning, the Hiwasse school teacher came forward with the suggestion that we arise and settle on a bare-topped hill up underneath Orion.

As we made up the dimly traced footpath, a waxing moon climbed high above a circling of forest oaks. The baying of hounds came to us in silvery staccato. The dogs were running hard, well-settled to the trail. Then their pursuit faded as the fox made around a far curve of hill.

The stillness was complete for a time. Mirrored stars blinked back at themselves from the face of the little river. Night wind stirred dead leaves. Then we heard the dogs again, whining and yelping uncertainly. Thrown off the trail by the fox, they were milling about in querulous uncertainty. Then an old and hunt-scarred member struck again the trail, and with a quick "yup-yup-yup" made a straightaway towards a far recess of valley.

Through some convergence of mistaken trails, both the packs had met and so better than forty hounds were running together, their voices mixed in pellmell harmony. The valley echoed with savage cadences.

A lank hill man ran a brown hand through his bristling gray hair: "Listen, now. They's one particular pink skew-

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▶▶ Hungarian Borgias ◀◀

By MARY ALDEN HOPKINS

THIRTY-THREE respectable-looking country women, shawls over shoulders, kerchiefs over heads, hands clasped meekly before them, are now being tried in Szolnok, the county seat of the Theisswinkel district, Hungary, about twenty-five miles from Budapest. These women were accused of having poisoned forty-two relatives and friends.

The murders have been going on for eighteen years, in the twin villages of Nagyrev and Tiszakurt, situated in a bend of the river Theiss, south of Budapest. The distance is only about fifty miles, but bad roads shut the villages in upon themselves.

Their trials began in December, small groups being arraigned together. The court procedure was reported in the Budapest dailies and cable despatches in American newspapers until the middle of March, when suddenly all information ceased, without explanation. Only an occasional, brief mention in the European press indicates that the trials continue. At the time information stopped, four women had been condemned to death, four had been freed, and others given life imprisonment.

The oldest woman prisoner is seventy-one. The youngest is twenty-two. Two men are involved in minor rôles, but their trials have not yet been reported. The older women wanted land. The younger women wanted love; more land, more love. They killed to satisfy these two hungers. The affair is a sort of bizarre feminist movement in which arsenic was substituted for votes. Women in general organize for three different reasons; to aid men, to aid each other, or to attack men. To the first class belong the ladies' aid societies which save nickels to pay off the mortgage the men put on the church. The Russian Battalion of Death is another illustration. Women's colleges, the Y. W. C. A., and culture clubs are examples of the second type. The third group, the belligerent organizations, like the suffragists, the feminists and the W. C. T. U., fight men in order to change their customs or to share in their rights. To this last class we must now add the women of Nagyrev.

These incredible creatures were in rebellion against the rule of men. They were themselves as callous and heavy-handed as the husbands and fathers whom they killed. They were oppressed by tyranny and they reacted with malevolence. Because this isolated community did not afford the outlets through which women in modern groups release their rage, the Nagyrev women dropped back into primitive violence to change intolerable conditions. They expressed modern feeling in archaic action.

This came into the open when Maria Szendi, one of the younger women, went on trial. Ultimately she was convicted of poisoning her son, and the evidence indicated that she had poisoned a third husband; her first two having been divorced.

"My husband always had his own way," she told the Court. "It is terrible, the way the men have all the power."

Maria Szendi was a woman of more sophistication and of wider experience than the others. She was able to express herself.

THE whole affair was women's concern and the instigator was a midwife. One is reminded of the heathen lands where women have their own ceremonials from which men are excluded. The men of Nagyrev did not intrude on their wives' long conferences with the midwife. They did not know it was death, not life, with which the women concerned themselves. One is reminded, too, that in the Middle Ages, midwives are reputed to have been professional poisoners. Much in this grim story belongs to long past days.

Susi Olah, the midwife, addressed, after the European custom, as Tante Susi, was a woman of dominating personality, energetic and unscrupulous. A midwife in that region is more than an obstetrician; she is an amateur doctor and she advises her patients on all sorts of domestic problems. Tante Susi had studied in the city. So compelling was her personality that although she was nine times arrested on the charge of illegal abortions, nine times the magistrate acquitted her. One day the rival midwife disappeared, leaving no trace. Rumor had it that Tante Susi had done away with her. The son of the missing woman pointed a gun at Tante Susi. His bullets went wild. He was arrested and given two years at hard labor. It was obvious that Tante Susi bore a charmed life. Legends grew up about her powers. The women had no reason to doubt her when she told them, "I will give you such a poison that the good Lord's own doctor could not detect it."

When Tante Susi decided it was tempting fate to perform more abortions, she shifted to poisoning the babies after they were born. Demand existed for her services

Wide World

Defendants in the Hungarian murder trials exercising in the prison yard at Szolnok

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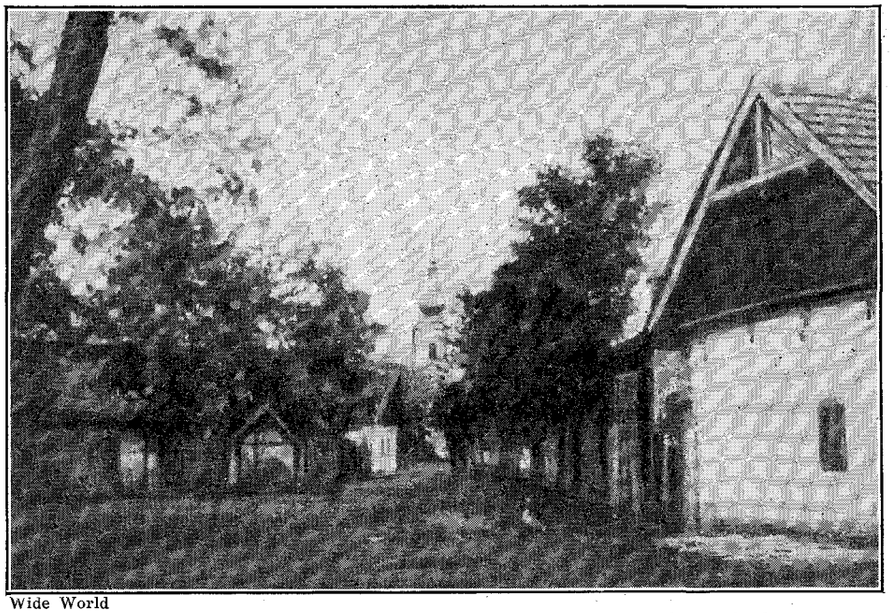
and she soon worked up a fine trade in her new line. Hungary is an agricultural country without land enough to go around. The land situation was the cause of wholesale, secret, infanticide. More than a million peasants have no homes, but live where they can, even in stables with the animals. These women belonged to the class of small landed proprietors. Many of them lived in little white houses surrounded by gardens. The gable ends faced the streets. There were seats beneath the over-hanging eaves. Sometimes there was a gay flower-bed in front. Most of the small land holders have barely enough acres to subsist upon. Frequently the farm is a mere patch of ground, and although the land is extraordinarily fertile—"The Garden Spot of Europe"—the individual holdings are too small. Families in regions like this limit their families to prevent the tiny farms being still farther subdivided among several children. What is enough for one child, means famine for several.

From poisoning babies, the midwife progressed to poisoning aged parents, infirm relatives, unwanted husbands, and lovers of whom women wearied. They must all have known each other, for Nagyrev has only 1400 inhabitants. The maiden names of several are the married names of others. Community of guilt clearly blunted their consciences. Those who confessed, defended their acts on the ground that they had not beaten, nor stabbed, nor drowned, but had released their victims from lives of suffering and hardship by an easy and painless death. "It was really no murder," they pleaded.



Wide World

Street in Nagyrev, Hungary, the village where many of the murders took place

Tante Susi Olah, aged 69, soaked the arsenic out of fly paper; her sister, Lidia Olah Sebestyan, aged 71, bootlegged it for her; and the other women encouraged each other in crimes, even lending a helping hand at putting a death across.

Juliane Lipka, aged 66, accused of being accessory to Maria Koteles' murder of her husband, told the judges:

"I was sorry for the wretched woman and so I gave her a bottle of the poison. I told her if nothing else did any good, to try that." She added with belated caution: "But I did not know what effect this poison had."

Maria's sister-in-law asserted that the dead man had been good-natured. He had allowed his wife to go to all the balls and merrymakings and she had repaid his indulgence by openly flaunting a lover. She concluded her testimony of the dead man's kindly spirit by saying:

"One month after my poor brother returned from prison he was poisoned."

Such fantastic touches give one a feeling of being on the wrong side of the looking glass.

Wide World

CHIEF DEFENDANTS IN THE TRIAL
Tante Susi Olah is the second woman from the left

THE AGED mother of Frau Juliane Lipka owned two valuable acres of vineyard. Frau Lipka invited her mother to a meal. The peasants' usual food is bread and onions and raw, smoked bacon, but upon occasion they can spread a fine feast. Hungarian cooking is famous. Goulash, a thick stew made of onions fried in fat and paprika with beef and potato added, is a national dish. Rich Turkish pastry, stuffed with cottage cheese or apple is a favorite dessert. The home-made apricot brandy is delicious. The peasants eat with gusto and drink heavily.

The mother was so pleased by the feast her daughter set before her that she signed over her two acres of vineyard to her daughter and decided to live with her. She died that same night. Juliane now had the two acres of vineyard.

Nine years later great-uncle, Sziros, and his wife lost their son and heir. To sooth their grief, Juliane invited them

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The Trend of Events

King Carol

WE would not say a word against the romantic story that former Crown Prince Carol renounced the throne of Rumania solely for love of red-haired Mme. Magda Lupescu. We would not utter a syllable against the equally romantic story that Carol renounced Mme. Lupescu solely for love of Rumania. Corking good stories both of them. Let us merely note that they probably have no more to do with the truth than, tra la, the flowers that bloom in the spring.

Even today few persons know all the facts behind Carol's departure from Rumania in December, 1925. Similarly obscure are the facts behind his return to Rumania on June 6, 1930. As the months roll on, however, these cases tend to turn themselves slowly inside out. It now seems probable that the Bad Boy of the Balkans did not jump more than he was pushed into exile and the lovely Lupescu arms. The pusher, it appears, was the late Jon Bratianu, then Premier for the eleventh time since 1908, and head of the family which in 1868 helped to establish the Rumanian dynasty and for the most part had run the country as it pleased thereafter. At any rate, Carol was hardly out of Rumania when he began struggling to get back. Aided by conspirators in Bucharest, some of whom were discovered and exposed, he had been struggling ever since, punctuating his intrigues with pleas to the Government for forgiveness.

The late Premier Bratianu's successor was his less crafty brother, Vintilla, whose Liberal (really conservative) Government soon fell. It was followed by the Maniu Government, dominated by the National Peasants' party. Until the very day when Carol, flying from Munich, landed at a Bucharest airport, Bratianu's Liberals were hot against his return. The Maniu Government, however, though it also had been considered opposed to Carol's reinstatement, had been gradually changing its attitude for some months, during which negotiations between the exile and official Bucharest were frequent. Obviously the Maniu Government directed Carol's come-back.

Precisely how the whirligig of Rumanian politics spun Carol into power is not clear. Suffice it to say that he is back, that all his old rights have been restored, that he has been proclaimed King, that young Michael, his son, becomes heir apparent, that the Regency which was to function during Michael's minority expires and that the country as a whole seems pretty well satisfied.

It is quite true, though, that Magda has red hair.

Facts in the Cannon Case

THE WAR between Bishop Cannon and the Senate lobby committee really began when Representative Tinkham of Massachusetts declared that but $17,000 of the $65,000 given to the Bishop by E. C. Jameson of New York for use against Governor Smith in 1928 had been reported under the corrupt practices act. Mr. Tinkham wanted to know what became of the $48,000 balance. The Senate lobby committee determined to find out.

Underwood

PROCLAIMED KING

Carol of Rumania, who has returned home after nearly five years in exile

Prior to his appearance before the committee, Bishop Cannon indicated that no report had been made on the $48,000, since it had all been expended in one state, and therefore no report was required by law. Questioning the committee's authority to examine him, he quoted from a statement by Senator Caraway that the committee was not empowered to inquire into political expenditures, but only into those having to do with the influencing of legislation or executive action.

In his first appearance before the committee, Bishop Cannon declared that his political activities in 1928 were not pertinent to the question of lobbying. The committee's investigation, he said, was an effort to attack him and impair his influence, "as the wet and Roman Catholic papers have been doing for nearly two years." (The good Bishop never fails to get in a whack at the Catholics.) The committee, he declared, was exceeding its powers. Not so, said Senator Walsh of Montana. Political activities unrelated to lobbying were, indeed, beyond the committee's scope, but the Bishop for years had been attempting to secure legislation and influence administrative action on prohibition. Essentially, he was engaged in the old familiar line of activity in 1928—attempting to secure the action by Congress which he desired. The committee had, and had exercised, the right to investigate other individuals who did the same thing. It therefore had, and would exercise, the right to investigate the Bishop.

On the following day Bishop Cannon flatly refused to answer the committee's questions, though that evening he issued a worthless statement to the press indicating in round numbers how the $48,000 had been spent. On the third day, he not only refused to answer questions but walked out of the committee room. So doing, he gave the Senate a stinging slap in the face.

The Principles

SO MUCH for the facts in the Cannon case. What of the principles involved?

As we see it, if Bishop Cannon refuses to testify, the lobby committee must either ask the Senate to cite him for contempt or it must humbly apologize to other witnesses who preceded him on the stand.

The committee has interpreted its

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powers broadly throughout. It called Fred I. Kent, New York banker, to Washington and heckled him for expressing an opinion on the tariff bill, though that opinion certainly had less to do with lobbying than Bishop Cannon's political activities two years ago. It insisted upon fine-combing the political activities of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment. Indeed, Senator Caraway—in a case precisely parallel to the Cannon case—made Henry H. Curran go into the association's political activities in detail.

Of course, Senator Caraway is a dry, and so is Bishop Cannon, and that may explain something. It may also explain why Senator Caraway and Senator Robinson of Indiana were absent from the committee when Bishop Cannon took the stand.

If the Senate wishes neither to bow to Bishop Cannon nor to apologize to Mr. Curran and Mr. Kent, there is but one thing for it to do. It can broaden the lobby committee's scope, thereby removing any doubt of its power to give Bishop Cannon a taste of what it gave his predecessors. Even so, this would be setting up one rule for wet witnesses and another for drys.

Bishop Cannon and his supporters protest that they are standing for a principle. What prevented them from standing for this principle when the lobby committee went to work on Mr. Curran? What prevented them from objecting when the committee questioned Mr. Kent merely for expressing a personal opinion? Where were these strict constructionists then?

Bishop Cannon's balkiness will not elevate him in public esteem. A man in his position should welcome the opportunity to show that he has nothing to conceal. Usually we should hesitate to lecture a Bishop. Yet we cannot refrain from saying that a little less shrewdness, a little less hair-splitting, and a little more candor and straightforwardness would do this curious gentleman of the cloth no harm.

▶▶*Tinkham of Boston*

Though quite as wet as water, Representative George Holden Tinkham bears no ill feeling against Bishop Cannon. He merely abhors tie-ups between church and state. He inherits the trait from Devon and Suffolk forbears, who set up sanctuary at Boston early in the Seventeenth Century. On his father's side he belongs to the Mayflower Society, on his mother's to the Massachusetts Bay Colony. On his own he represents a good part of Boston—including Back Bay and Beacon Hill—in a big, wet way.

An impish figure, the short, rotund, red-bearded Congressman frequently worries his orthodox fellow Republicans. It does not concern him that his targets—Bishop Cannon, the Anti-Saloon League and the Methodist Board of Prohibition—were Republican allies

International

FIGHTING BOSTONIAN
George Holden Tinkham, Representative from Massachusetts

in 1928. To those who accuse him of making trouble he replies: "I am as American as any one on this continent can be. That accounts for my hatred of prohibition, the alliance of church and state and the domination of our foreign policies by the international bankers. We must get rid of all three if we are to regain our liberty."

The fight on Cannon is not the first he has started. He was visiting Italian troops on the Piave when word came that America had declared war against Austria as its answer to the Caporetto retreat. Dramatically, George lifted his five feet four to the great occasion, and touched off a 166-millimeter gun which sang "the Yanks are coming" to the charging Austrians.

Wealthy, a blue blood, a Harvard man, an Episcopalian, he is eminently qualified to dance in the social whirl. He prefers not to. He lives a bachelor's life in a downtown hotel, which years ago leased him an apartment at a fixed rate for as long as he sat in Congress. Today the hotel wishes to turn the apartment into a store, sacrificing George for a higher rental. His constituents, however, balk at furnishing the grounds necessary for breaking the contract. In 1928, when Smith carried the Bay State by 17,000, Tinkham carried his district by 15,000. Maliciously, he then quoted Calvin Coolidge to querulous colleagues, urging them to "Have faith in Massachusetts."

Almost hidden by stuffed evidence of his might as a hunter and trophies of his prowls through the world, he spends his evenings with books or friends. His hobbies are history, biography, economics and archaeology. He was once quite a boxer and a swimmer, but has been obliged to turn to the saddle, to dumb bells and chest weights. With them he bravely but vainly wars on the conquering flesh.

Summer finds him journeying to far corners of distant continents. His snapshots show him being fêted and informed by premiers, viceroys, and governors in Siam, Bengal, New South Wales or whatnot. In photos of his hunting expeditions a bearded figure eventually made out to be Mr. Tinkham shares the foreground with prostrate lions, leopards, elephants and rhinoceroses.

Three years out of Harvard Law School, he became a member of the Boston Board of Aldermen in 1900, at the age of thirty. He subsequently served three terms in the State Senate and landed in Congress in 1914, where, to the deep regret of his landlord, it appears that he can stay just as long as he likes.

▶▶*Nevada's Gas House*

Come into the lethal gas chamber of the prison at Carson City, in which Nevada inflicts capital punishment by asphyxiation. Or, if that invitation disconcerts you, come to one of the two windows and, with fifty-three other onlookers—two of them women nurses, admitted at their own request—witness the execution of R. H. (Bob) White,

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gambler, put to death for murdering another gambler in Elko, Nevada, in 1928.

The airtight stone chamber is nine feet long, eight wide, seven high. It is furnished with a chair and a two-gallon jar containing one quart of sulphuric acid and two of water. Above the jar, in a screen container, are ten eggs of cyanide of potassium, suspended by a string extending into the next room. White, a stocky man, forty years old, dressed in overalls and blue shirt, enters, assists the guards who strap him into the chair, and shakes hands with them before they close the heavy, insulated door behind them. He then looks up and nods. The string is cut in the next room, the eggs drop into the jar, deadly fumes fill the cell, and White takes a deep breath, then a shorter one. His eyes close, his head falls back, his arm and leg muscles twitch and his body shakes convulsively. The fifty-three onlookers look on. After three more breaths, White's head sags forward. A doctor with a specially constructed stethoscope reveals that White's breathing stopped two minutes after the cyanide eggs splashed into the jar. At the same time, his heart stopped beating for ten seconds, then resumed. It stopped forever seven and one-half minutes later.

Well, how do you like the idea? A little ghoulish, with sadistic overtones? But surely not much worse than execution by hanging or electrocution. Before being asphyxiated the criminal is probably tortured by fear of the unknown. Still, he is mentally tortured anyway, whatever the means of ending him. There is always something cruel and somehow obscene in the dispassionate coolness with which the state inflicts capital punishment, not days or weeks, but months, sometimes even years, after the crime. It is, throughout, a debasing process. Moreover, it is ineffective; murder rates indicate that it does not deter crimes of violence. Useless to say that it is ineffective because rarely imposed. Public opinion does not permit it to be imposed more often. In fact, the best thought of the day opposes capital punishment. Eventually, we hope and believe, it will be abandoned throughout the country.

▶▶*Simmons Defeated*

PROBABLY THE THREE most prominent southern Democrats who bolted Governor Smith in 1928 were Bishop Cannon, the Richelieu of Virginia, Senator Simmons, for thirty years the undisputed boss of North Carolina, and Senator Heflin, the youknowwhat of Alabama. Bishop Cannon lost much of his political influence when Virginia defeated his candidate for Governor. Senator Heflin has been barred from Alabama's Democratic primaries and is expected to go down the chute in November. Senator Simmons of North Carolina has been decisively beaten by Josiah W. Bailey.

Together these three cases indicate that the once solid South has returned

Keystone

DEFEATS SIMMONS
Josiah W. Bailey, North Carolina's Democratic nominee for Senate

to party regularity. Together they indicate that it is rather ashamed of having dropped Virginia, North Carolina, Florida and Texas into the Republican column in 1928. Together they indicate that the South is once more a No Man's Land for the Republican party.

There were many angles to the Simmons-Bailey contest for the Democratic nomination for Senator. Old age had rusted away vital parts in the once invincible Simmons machine. Many of his lieutenants had died, and could not be satisfactorily replaced. Enemies made during his lengthy dictatorship hastened to attack him when he seemed to be weakest. What will be remembered when all else has been forgotten, however, is that Senator Simmons, spearhead of the South's anti-Smith movement, has been downed by the Smith-supporting —though dry and Baptist—Mr. Bailey.

With Simmons out of the way, the Democratic party is more unified, while the northern faction of the party is stronger than it has been since 1928. Mr. Raskob may rest in peace. Plans for driving him out of the chairmanship of the Democratic National Committee are swirling up in smoke.

It should not be deduced from this that the South would certainly remain solid if Smith should run again. The South regrets what it did in 1928, but perhaps not enough to refrain from doing it again should the Democrats nominate another candidate who threatened to put the Pope in the White House, erect a saloon at every cross-roads, convert our honest yeomanry into city slickers and place the Army and Navy in the hands of Tammany Hall. That's what Smith would have done if he had been elected. What anti-Smith southerner doesn't know it?

▶▶*At the Bone-Dry Peak*

WE HAVE a feeling that prohibition sentiment in Congress reached its height last week. Henceforth, we suspect, it will rapidly recede.

Last week the House of Representatives altered the five-and-ten Jones law to definite petty violators. A day later it provided that they may be tried before United States Commissioners, as recommended by Mr. Hoover's committee of Wickershammers. Under the altered Jones law he who manufactures, sells or transports a gallon or less of intoxicants is a petty violator, subject to a far from petty fine not to exceed $500, jail sentence not to exceed six months, or both. He may be tried before a United States Commissioner, who reports to a Federal Judge, who in turn imposes sentence in case of conviction.

The measure permitting this procedure had been stirring up rows in the House Judiciary Committee for months. Eventually, it was reported favorably by a majority of the committee, though assailed by a minority as a "slipshod, ill-advised, impractical system of turning out stereotyped justice in quantity production," as "a clumsy attempt to avoid constitutional requirements," and as "drafted in the phraseology and nomenclature of the cross-word puzzle." Its purpose is to quicken judicial procedure and relieve congestion in Federal courts. The minority report holds that it will not do either.

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Disregarding this report, the House passed the bill with a whoop. Prophets differ on whether or not the Senate will do likewise. If it does, Mr. Hoover will almost certainly sign it. Then, with the lately passed measure transferring the prohibition unit from the Treasury Department to the Department of Justice, the President will have the principal dry-enforcement instruments which he demanded of Congress. He had best make good use of them. They may be the last he will get.

Already the signs point the way out for many of our bone-dry friends in Congress. The Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, confident of public sentiment, has bluntly asked all candidates for Congress: "Do you favor repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment?" Those who refuse to answer or who favor the amendment will be fought in November. The Crusaders and the Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform also insist that candidates speak up. They likewise plan to oppose dry ones. These groups will not be put off with promises of referendums. They want wet Senators and Representatives and they are going to get them. How many, we do not know, nor does any one else, but the House and Senate will be less dry after the elections of 1930. They will be still less dry after the elections of 1932.

▸▸*Senators for Poison*

Not to be outdone in dry fervor by the House, the Senate last week, by a vote of 45 to 16, rejected Senator Tydings' proposal that nothing be used in denaturing industrial alcohol which would make it "destructive to human life." Three weeks earlier a similar proposal by Senator Tydings met defeat by a vote of 54 to 19. Twice within a month, then, the Senate has approved the use of life-destroying poisons as denaturants. No other interpretation is possible. If it did not approve the use of these poisons, it would have adopted one of the Tydings bills.

The Senate's action on these two measures indicates why it is useless to reason with dry members of Congress or with their fanatical supporters. Zeal for prohibition has robbed them of all sense of proportion. Dry Senators and Representatives must be tipped out of office and replaced with level-headed wets. The influence of their supporters must be offset by fighting them at every turn. It is therefore heartening to see such groups as the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, the Crusaders and the Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform preparing for battle. Together they will give the anti-prohibition movement much-needed organization, direction and force.

We trust that none of those Senators who opposed the Tydings proposals tops off his dry votes with an occasional wet drink. For how appalling it would be should poisoned alcohol find its way into his own or his friends' own flasks, decanters, jugs or barrels. Tender-hearted we may be, but we do hope that, whatever happens to ordinary citizens, none of our national legislators will come to any harm through denaturants which they themselves have endorsed.

▸▸*Sweepstakes*

When a little-known horse wins the English Derby, Lady Luck has the time of her life. Thus when Blenheim, second string entry from the Aga Khan stables and an 18-1 shot, and Iliad, a 25-1 outsider, amazed the packed thousands at Epsom Downs by running in first and second, a carpenter, an engine driver, a mechanic, a butcher's assistant, a hosiery knitter and many other insignificant holders of tickets in the sweepstakes found themselves suddenly faced with problems of high finance.

America has enjoyed the Doughertys most—the two brothers, Eddie and Dan, junior clerks in a Wall Street office, and their Pop, doorman at a Brooklyn apartment house. It never became quite clear which of the brothers bought the dollar ticket that brought them $149,262. What did become clear was that Pop thought the prize belonged to him and was prepared to establish his claim if it took every penny of the $149,262 to do it.

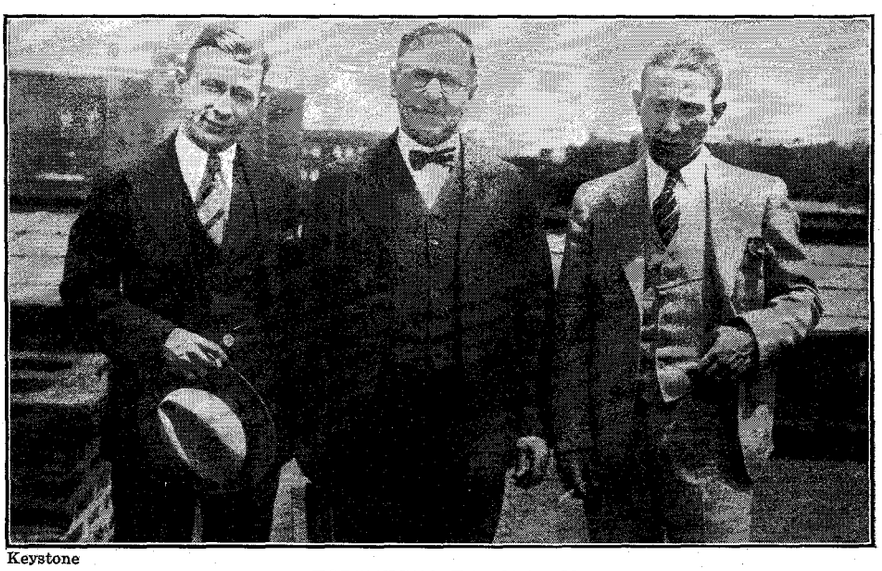
Pop said Eddie bought the ticket for him; he said Eddie sold it to him; he said Eddie gave it to him for safe-keeping and that Eddie owed him a dollar for board anyway. Words flew thick and fast at the Dougherty's. Once Pop got in such a state that he had to go to the drug store for sedative tablets and walked out, forgetting his change. In another part of Brooklyn, his wife, with whom he has not lived for seven years, hinted that $149,262 attracted her interest. Meanwhile Eddie kept the ticket, which was registered in his name, prudently in his pocket.

As it turned out, the brothers divided the money evenly between them and Pop got nothing but the assurance that he may give up his doorman's job and live comfortably forever after. The brothers so far have resisted glowing offers to purchase bridges and stretches of the Atlantic Ocean and will probably invest their money soundly.

It would be interesting to know what becomes of other sweepstakes prizes falling into unaccustomed hands. Would any young student like to subject the easy-come-easy-go theory to a scientific test? Here's his opportunity.

▸▸*Chicago's Show*

The Dawes brothers, Charles Gates and Rufus Cutler, start the summer by



Keystone

FORTUNE'S FAVORITES
The Brooklyn Doughertys, Daniel, Jr., Daniel, Sr., and Edward, who won with Aga Khan's Blenheim

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getting in a few hard licks for the Chicago Fair of 1933. Hardly had Rufus, president of the fair, broken ground for the first building on the Lake Michigan front when Charles left London to oversee the big show's finances. With him came Sir Henry Cole, British director of expositions, while Sir Josiah Stamp, already in New York, promised to bring the world's fastest train as a loan from England to England-loving Chicago.

But the Chicago Fair, celebrating the century of progress since the city's incorporation in 1833, will, we are told, do more than exhibit fast trains and other mechanical wonders. It will do more than hold a mirror up to this age of the machine. Vividly and dramatically, it will trace the steps by which the America of the early-kerosene-lamp era became the America of 1933. Its boosters speak of movement and contrast, of an exposition with a plot. They tell of spending $200,000,000, of hiring 400 scientists merely to furnish the scenario, of attracting 120,000,000 fair-goers, which will be a good trick if they do it.

The visitor, one is informed, will not walk around on museum feet, gaping, dead tired, at marvels. He will climb aboard a moving platform and be shuttled excitingly through a changing world bulging with architectural, scientific and social progress made during the last hundred years. A century's history in an hour. We offer the phrase for a slogan.

Each industry will present a complete and harmonious picture. There will be no competition, no blue ribbons, no prize pumpkins. The exhibitors will work together, in the best all-for-one-one-for-all manner, and with the radio and sound pictures spreading the story. Nevertheless, when the last booster's hoarse, the Chicago Fair remains a gamble—a far greater gamble than the city's successful fair of '93 honoring the voyage of Columbus. The Philadelphia Sesquicentennial indicated that the nation yawns at the mere thought of expositions. Chicago, younger, fresher, livelier, may succeed where Philadelphia failed. If it does not, no city can. The exposition of 1933 will prove whether or not the day of the great American fair is over.

▸▸*For the Supreme Court*

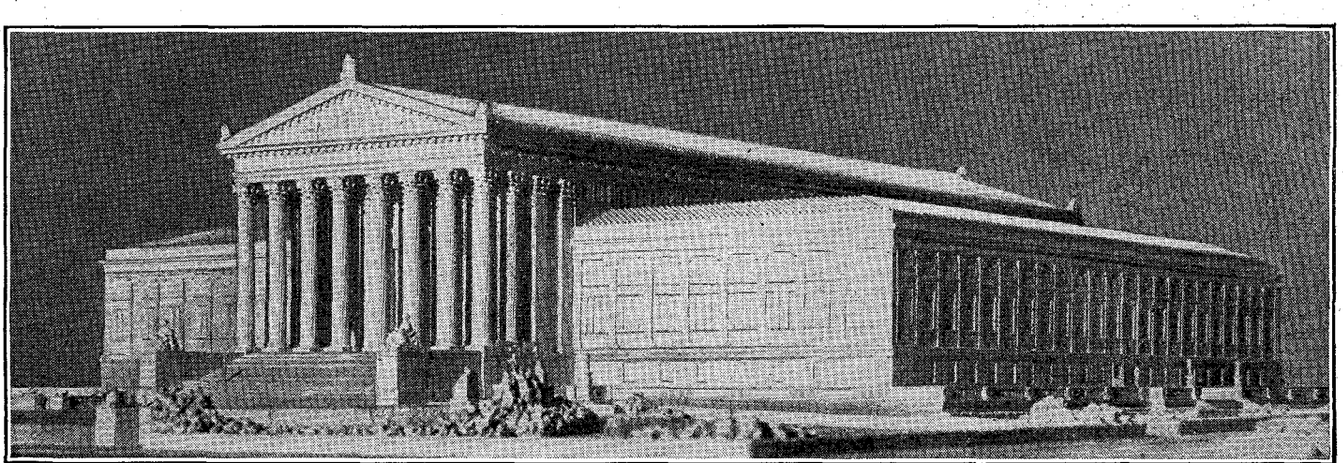
WRECKERS' HAMMERS will soon demolish seventy-eight buildings, including four apartment houses and forty garages, now standing on the two city blocks opposite the National Capitol. Among the structures to go, its carved mantels and doors first removed for safe keeping, is the Old Brick Capitol, occupied by Congress after the burning of the Capitol in 1814 and recently the headquarters of the National Woman's Party. All this that a new building may rise, stately as the judges in the nation's highest tribunal, broad as their tolerance—at least their traditional tolerance—classic as their ritual—the new building for the United States Supreme Court. It was designed by the architect Cass Gilbert. It will be under construction for fully three years. It will cost $9,740,000, Holmes and Brandeis not dissenting.

It is gratifying to know that the Supreme Court will soon be housed with the distinction and dignity it merits. The design of the new building is both appropriate and satisfying. It will form an impressive unit in the Government's program for improving an area of about seventy-four acres in the vicinity of the Capitol with a unified group of public buildings. However modern architects may wrangle over the justifiability of adapting classic designs to American landscapes and to present-day ideas, it seems plain that Washington should continue in the classic tradition. When all the skyscrapers have been piled up, pulled down and piled up higher, the American mind will still associate law, order and justice with rows of Corinthian columns. Shining pinnacles and slithering elevators do well enough for big business, but government seems to move more surely amid the grandeur that was Greece.

Moreover, the chief objection to classical structures, that they will be dwarfed by surrounding buildings, does not hold in Washington, where skyscrapers are taboo. Let the capital continue, by all means, to call in the country's best classical designers. The Supreme Court building, Mr. Gilbert has said, restfully, "is designed to last for all time." Which is a long while. And a pleasant thought. Prudently completed, our National Capitol may become, to dizzy cloud-dwelling, sky-riding future generations, a very oasis of tranquility, simplicity and permanence.

▸▸*Tariff Test in Iowa*

NO DOUBT Iowa's campaign for the Republican nomination for Senator was a popularity contest between Governor Hammill and Representative Dickinson. But it was also as much a referendum on the tariff as any political battle is likely to be.



Wide World

APPEALS TO THE COURT

Plan for the Supreme Court Building to be erected in the National Capital

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Hammill was strong with the voters; he had been elected Governor three times. Yet he scarcely swayed a cornstalk when he denounced the new tariff bill as "iniquitous." When Representative Dickinson, who boasted that he had "raised hell for agriculture" in Congress, told the voters that the bill would bring great benefits to the farmers, they apparently agreed. Hence, Dickinson gave Hammill a pretty licking.

We doubt that there is much public hostility to the new tariff bill, though we think there should be. The bill strikes us as an economic lemon but a political plum. Iowa is almost always warmer against the tariff than other agricultural states of the Middle West. Since the days of Dolliver, Allison and Cummins, exponents of the Iowa Idea, the state has had its doubts about tariffs. Yet if Mr. Dickinson's nomination is not a flat endorsement of the Hawley-Smoot monstrosity, it at least suggests that Iowa farmers, and therefore farmers in general, are not so displeased with it as to punish its framers. Examining the result in Iowa, Middle Western Congressmen should feel easier about voting for the tariff bill, while President Hoover should be less worried about signing it. Once again, for the nteenth time, the "revolting" farmers have failed to revolt.

Not the least interested in the Iowa outcome is Senator Steck, first Democratic Senator from Iowa in fifty years. Elected by the narrowest margin six years ago, he could only hope to be re-elected through another political upset. There is none in sight. Evidently, those farmers who are not ignorant of or indifferent to this tariff framed ostensibly in their behalf believe that it is going to work as its sponsors say. Farmers who believe that will believe anything.

▶▶*Naval Treaty Pending*

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS has rejected a proposal for a secret inquiry into the terms of the naval treaty. Britain's approval of the treaty is therefore assured. Sponsored by the Conservatives, for the most part opponents of the treaty, the proposal led to a discussion leaving little to be said in the forthcoming full-dress debate.

Stanley Baldwin, unintentionally humorous, explained that, while he did not wish to provoke a navy scare, he favored an investigation like that conducted in the United States by senatorial committees. Winston Churchill, less restrained, sought to freeze British blood with prophecies that under the treaty the navy would fall as low as in the reign of Charles II, when the Dutch burned much of the fleet in its own harbors. Replying, Prime Minister MacDonald pointed out that die-hards in all countries were singing much the same tune. Naturally enough, this satisfied him that the treaty represented a fair agreement.

An exchange of notes among America, Britain and Japan closed the "loophole" in the treaty regarding replacement of outworn vessels, but American critics are still unsatisfied. Darkly hinting at secret understandings, anti-treaty Senators, led by Johnson of California, sought from the State Department all confidential correspondence preceding the conference at London. On this request President Hoover turned thumbs down. He also refused to permit the Senate to postpone debate on the treaty, a course urged not only by alarmists who want more time to rouse public fears, but by the treaty's passive friends, loath to swelter in Washington when they might be shaking voters' hands back home. Mr. Hoover has often appeared timid in dealing with Congress. In insisting that the Senate pass on the treaty at once he is properly firm.

While the British and American governments are laboring to make the treaty seem a great achievement, the French and Italian governments are proving how pitifully feeble it is. Through the din of Mussolini's bellicose speeches, one scarcely heard the proposal of Foreign Minister Grandi before the Italian Senate that both countries suspend construction for a year. In France this proposal seems to have fallen on warily indifferent ears. The poor little treaty had best be ratified promptly, before there is time for competitive building between France and Italy—with consequent building by America, Britain and Japan—to demonstrate how flagrantly it has failed to limit armaments.

Remarkable Remarks

The majority of the American people wish the Eighteenth Amendment to be retained.—PROFESSOR IRVING FISHER.

The question of my political activities is not pertinent to the question of lobbying.—RIGHT REV. JAMES CANNON, JR.

Prohibition was not advocated nor ultimately secured to make men moral or sober by law.—REV. DR. EDWIN C. DINWIDDIE.

The unemployment which threatened to freeze the activities of the nation has proved to be a little more than seasonal unemployment. There was relatively little distress.—SEC'Y OF AGRICULTURE ARTHUR M. HYDE.

The one and only aim of American national policy, at the moment, is to get Dr. Hoover over the jumps in 1932.—H. L. MENCKEN.

You can't please everybody.—RUDY VALLEE.

The "brain and money" woman is not as desirable as the "charm and baby" woman.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

I like betting on the races if I don't have to use my own money; it is quite thrilling.—PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE.

It rather hurts to have it suggested that some other candidate might be able . . . . to do the very job that I have been doing.—REPRESENTATIVE FRANKLIN W. FORT.

Some of you will pursue scholarship and a few of you will perhaps overtake her. Others will sell bonds and life insurance . . . —PRESIDENT JAMES R. ANGELL.

▶▶*In Brief*

YET, WHEN YOU come to think of it, it does seem fitting that a college should have given John F. Curry, head of Tammany Hall, the degree of Doctor of Laws. . . . That Congress customarily writes bad tariff bills we knew. That it some day would write a tariff bill so bad that Senator Reed of Pennsylvania would be even momentarily in doubt about supporting it we never would have, never could have, believed. . . . Representative Fort admits that New Jersey is the wettest state in the union but does not explain how he got the notion that the wettest of states should be represented in the Senate by one of the driest of drys. . . . Governor Roosevelt of New York believes that the issues in the fall elections will be prohibition and unemployment. At least we know where Governor Roosevelt stands on unemployment. He's opposed to it. . . . Thus former-Gov-

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ernor Osborn of Michigan, now a candidate for Senator: "There is a demand for the best material that can be obtained in all that combines in intellect, courage and morals. I greet the citizens of Michigan respectfully and affectionately and offer myself." Plainly Mr. Osborn must be an able fellow for Mr. Osborn to acquire such a high opinion of him.

Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE "experiment noble in motive" will get under way in big style, we suppose, when enforcement responsibility is transferred from the Treasury to the Department of Justice at the close of this month. We do not mean that as a sarcastic assumption, for there are any number of reasons why the job of drying up the nation should be better done under Attorney General William D. Mitchell than by Andrew W. Mellon.

The former, in the words of Dr. Clarence True Wilson of the Methodist board, is "the driest Attorney General we have ever had," whereas the same inspired authority has assured us for the last decade that prohibition was not getting a real test because it was in the hands of such enemies as Presidents Wilson, Harding and Coolidge and Secretary Mellon.

Nevertheless, we find few who look for much improvement. For one thing, neither Mr. Mitchell nor Aaron G. Youngquist, who will have personal supervision over enforcement, impresses anybody as the sort of decisive, hard-boiled man for their arduous task. Mr. Mitchell, who was counted on to be one of the strong members of the Cabinet, has turned out to be an amiable and soft-spoken gentleman, but brittle and sensitive. He is a likable figure, and he was recommended by several learned Supreme Court justices who characterized him as the ablest advocate to appear before them in thirty years. He did not, however, have the support of those who, through personal experience, had learned that something more than a fine legal mind was essential for executive head of this department.

Indeed, it is our understanding that some whose advice President Hoover had found good in the past begged him not to name Mr. Mitchell. Mr. Hoover was warned that the appointment would cause trouble because of the Attorney General's lack of appreciation of certain highly practical considerations. These predictions, we hear, have come true in uncanny manner.

Mr. Mitchell, we learn, has antagonized numerous influential politicians, without meaning to, simply because he cannot, or will not, admit that politics is essential to government. He is, we are told, utterly unconscious of the need for getting along on friendly terms with the boys who bring in the votes. He is inclined to be insulted or embarrassed by the approach of Senators or state bosses interested in appointments or departmental matters. He has leaned so far backward in an attempt to remain pure of heart that it would not take much to push him over. Our informants tell us that his facility for antagonizing press and politicians is unmatched by any of his colleagues in Mr. Hoover's non-political Cabinet, and that is saying a good deal.

Ireland in Columbus Dispatch

The transfer

We hear predictions that the Attorney General, solemn, conscientious and impatient, may not stand up under the strain of his new duties. He will, we fear, press and prosecute too hard, and defeat the very purpose of the transfer. Whereas Mr. Hoover strives to popularize observance, Mr. Mitchell's sort of secretive enforcement methods may make them more distasteful than they are now, if possible. The Attorney General, it must always be remembered, is a recent convert to prohibitionism and Republicanism, and, like all converts, is given to an excess of devotion. His eagerness to please "the Chief" in the White House with ready-to-order opinions on personalities and principles, as shown in his defense of Judge John J. Parker and Judge Richard J. Hopkins of Kansas against senatorial attack, is almost pathetic. It was, we know, deeply resented on Capitol Hill, and it cost him much prestige.

It is almost needless to suggest that such a type is in for a tough time when he becomes the target of wets and drys, the political and non-political groups, and, lastly, of an observant public. He furnishes a striking contrast to Mr. Mellon, who never stirred up much interest in prohibition problems except when they disturbed his septuagenarian serenity, and who derived much amusement from all the to-do over the whole business.

Along with the rest of the Capital we were amazed at the appointment of Mr. Youngquist in Mabel Walker Willebrandt's old place, unless it be that his record convinced his sponsors he was a safe and sound sort of person. He was an unknown lawyer in a small Minnesota town until he was named Attorney General of his state. We hear he is a cautious individual seemingly in awe of the biggest job he has held, or ever hoped to hold, unless it be a federal judgeship some day. Even his associates, we are told, cannot discover what his prohibition plans, if any, are, and he scares at the approach of a newspaper man. His aim above all else seems to be to make no enemies by making no noise.

Perusing his record since his appointment, we discover that of twelve cases he has argued before the Supreme Court, he has won four, lost seven and broken even on one. Whether or not this comparatively insignificant record can be blamed entirely on him as an individual, it falls far short of Portia Willebrandt's batting average, which consisted of forty-three victories in forty-six starts. It is true that the court sometimes resented her aggressiveness, but she got results. Maybe the silent Youngquist has the right idea, however, for where is the loquacious little lady now!

A. F. C.

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▶▶ Have the Wets No Program? ◀◀

By the Editors

One of the clearest evidences of the change in public opinion on prohibition is the gradual altering attitude of the dry leaders themselves. Where once they denounced and deplored, they now defend their cause more subtly. Where once they met Wet attacks by declaring that any change was impossible, they now substitute questions designed to cause the Wets embarrassment.

Of these, the most common is the query fashioned to make it appear that the Wets have no program, since they have no national panacea to substitute for bone-dry prohibition. Convinced of the impracticability and danger of one national panacea, proponents of change are nevertheless asked to sponsor some other cure-all under pain of being called merely destructive if they fail to comply. Specifically, the question is usually phrased: If Congress amends the Volstead act or the country repeals the 18th Amendment, what then? Will that spell the return of the saloon? If not, what method of license or control will prevail?

▶▶ At first glance, such questions seem very much to the point. Doing away with one law usually means the enactment of another. A man who, faced with a difficulty, has not a solution already in hand, usually does well to keep his peace. So runs the argument. And, to many a fair-minded man, convinced of the futility of prohibition, but unable to decide what to substitute, it sounds strong. Yet the fact is that such questions not only betray a superficial knowledge of the subject itself, but, if answered in the categorical manner which the prohibitionist demands, might lead in the end to plunging the country into fresh evils of which we are as yet unaware.

One of the basic faults in national prohibition is that it seeks to apply one universal, rigid method of dealing with a subject upon which public opinion among responsible citizens varies widely in different sections of the country. No referendum or nation-wide poll is necessary to convince any reflective person that what works very well in Kansas does not work at all in New Jersey. What constitutes an effective method of controlling alcohol in New York is totally at variance with public sentiment in Nebraska. Thomas Jefferson perceived this difference in local sentiment as a fundamental fact which must be taken into consideration in any system of government. It led him to say that "the States can best govern our home concerns, and the General Government our foreign ones. I wish, therefore, to see maintained that wholesome distribution of powers established by the Constitution for the limitation of both. . . ."

If the country repealed the 18th Amendment or Congress amended the Volstead act, this journal would be skeptical of any hasty attempt to supplant them with some other national control act, based, let us say, on a Swedish System or a Quebec System—which, incidentally, operates in only one of the provinces of Canada. It would look with favor upon legislation which returned the whole question to the separate states, with only such help from the Federal government as any state might wish. We would favor this both upon political grounds and practical grounds. From the standpoint of justice, we do not believe any state should have forced upon it a set of laws alien to its customs and habits—whether these laws be wet or dry. From the standpoint of political wisdom, we know such a set of laws will not work.

▶▶ Will such a beginning in the matter mean the return of the saloon? Well, it seems to us that, failing any national legislation on the subject, the answer lies in each state. Is the majority in the state in favor of it? Certainly the Anti-Saloon League is not in favor of it anywhere. The churches are not. Neither are the three outstanding wet organizations which are working for change in present conditions. They are all pledged to fight any suggestion of the return of the saloon. In fact, so far as we know, no political leader or political party, state or national, anywhere, is in favor of the return of the saloon. We can even state for a certainty that no one is in favor of it in New York, where this journal is published—which ought to reassure Kansas.

Where, then, does any sentiment for the return of the saloon exist? The answer is, nowhere. The threat of its return is a bogy, an old wives' tale, conjured up by men who have outlived their usefulness, but who wish to perpetuate the present state of affairs. Public sentiment is so well crystallized upon the banishment of the saloon that we imagine national legislation upon the subject would not cause a ripple of excitement at the wettest dinner table. Depend upon it, the saloon is done for.

▶▶ The second question then remains: What form of regulation would be adopted in each state? Here again, we invite each citizen to consider his own state, not some one else's. What is his state's majority opinion? What are the forces which operate upon the legislature and the government? What is the attitude and what is the strength of the various organizations devoted to solving the problem? Considering all this, and considering that Federal aid would no doubt be available if desired, what is the likeliest form of license or bone-dry prohibition or modification or regulation, which would emerge in your state at the end of full political discussion?

To our mind, the eventual answer will not be Maine's idea of what would be good for Ohio, nor Florida's prescription for California. It will be something that will work. It will be the kind of regulation or prohibition which the best public opinion of the state can sanction and enforce. And whether this prohibition or regulation veers toward the dry position or the wet position will not be of vital importance. For, if it is in line with the majority customs and habits of the community, good old-fashioned temperance will once more have a chance. And temperance is all most of us hope for.

The Editors

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▸▸ Picking Live Industries ◂◂

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

WE HEAR much talk these days of possible economic progress in coming decades which shall exceed anything the world has yet witnessed. The industrial history of Europe and the United States during the past century and a half is replete with evidence of continuous growth, and in recent years, especially, the rate of expansion has been so marked that the widespread belief in a virtually unlimited development is natural. As a corollary of this belief investors have shown an inclination to put their funds into common stocks rather than in issues yielding a fixed income, in the expectation of sharing in this coming prosperity. So pronounced is the public preference for shares in this country today that in spite of the dearth of capital in Europe, bonds can sometimes be floated there on better terms for the borrower than is possible in the United States.

Occasionally some one rises to challenge the correctness of the American investor's present attitude. Without denying the fact of past or present growth or disputing the probability of future development, the skeptic points out that this industrial progress has been far from uniform. While some industries have been moving forward vigorously, others have been slackening their pace or coming to a standstill, and still others have been slipping backward.

A few specific examples will show how there may be retardation among individual industries despite the general forward trend. There was a time in both Great Britain and the United States when the textile industries held first place among manufactures. Today, while the output of these industries is large, they are far from prosperous. A long time ago they yielded first place in this country to pig iron, which in turn was supplanted by steel, and steel has since been superseded by automobile manufacture as the premier American industry.

Coal-mining no longer enjoys its former prosperity and importance because of the growing rivalry of petroleum, natural gas and hydroelectric power. Cotton goods, likewise, have encountered increasing competition from silk and rayon, just as linen once suffered from the competition of cotton. The staple food products of cereals and meats are less in demand today because of the larger consumption of fruits and green vegetables. The cigarette has proved a formidable competitor of the cigar. New inventions and processes, changes in fashions, changing habits, the spread of education, the increase of wealth and the growth of population are all constantly operating in a most complicated manner to stimulate some industries and to retard others.

The same influences which affect industries also affect the growth of different countries. Great Britain was once the leader among industrial nations. Her supremacy was based on her coal and textile industries. In recent years these industries have not been able to hold their pace with others, and Britain's leadership has been challenged by the United States and Germany.

AS A RULE, the older an industry the greater the probability of its slackened progress. Industries, like living organisms, have their periods of infancy, adolescence, maturity and senility. Over a long period of years the rate of technical advance in an industry tends to slow down. After an invention or discovery inaugurates a new line of business there is a period of rapid improvement, as most of us have noted within the last five years in the development of radio. As the processes are perfected there is naturally less and less left to improve, and finally, as the industry becomes more stabilized and standardized, the changes in technical processes become relatively unimportant.

This does not mean that the business goes into a decline. Its best years may still lie ahead, but its progress henceforth will lie along the lines of organization rather than of technique. When there is little room for further improvement in organization, subsequent progress will depend chiefly on the increase of wealth and population. The industry has then probably reached the so-called saturation point. For some industries an increase of per capita wealth is not always an unmixed blessing. Henry Ford discovered this several years ago when an improving esthetic sense accompanying a gain in material well-being caused the American people to lose their former fondness for the little black flivver known as Model T. In this case Mr. Ford was able to retrieve the public goodwill handsomely with his comely Model A, but not every manufacturer has been so fortunate.

The automobile industry has only recently reached the stage in which technical changes have become relatively unimportant; the radio and aviation industries appear to be still in the earlier stage where technical progress is accelerated, and the cotton, woolen and steel industries are in the stage in which such improvements have long been of minor consequence. In a recent survey of industrial growth in the United States and Europe Dr. Simon Kuznets of the National Bureau of Economic Research pointed out that there have been no important changes in the manufacture of cotton and woolen goods since 1860 and none in the steel industry since 1890.

We should be extremely cautious, however, in drawing conclusions about the final state of any industry. It sometimes happens that an industry which appears to be "done for" suddenly takes on a new lease of life and begins to grow once more. Every one is familiar with the improvements which were made in the phonograph with the development of electrical recording and reproduction after radio appeared as its keen competitor. A useful device was thus possibly saved from extinction. In many cases pressure from without which seems to threaten ruin has finally proved the salvation of a business.

These somewhat sketchy references to important changes in the development of various industries should be of especial interest to the investor. They show that while our economic progress in the past has been continuous it has been by no means uniform. If this experience is of any use as a guide, we may expect the future to show an equal degree of diversity in the career of different lines of business. The fact that industry as a whole is likely to move forward briskly affords no assurance that any individual industry is going to keep up with the procession. It is necessary for the investor to use judgment and discrimination. The industries which are still in their infancy offer opportunities for speculation rather than for investment, while those approaching senility offer opportunities for neither. The careful investor will avoid both extremes and seek the golden mean.

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What Is Repertory?

By EVA LEGALLIENNE

JUST WHAT IS repertory? How does a repertory theatre differ from any other? What are the false or misleading meanings which have come to be attached to the word? How did they attain general usage? What can be done to rescue idea and word?

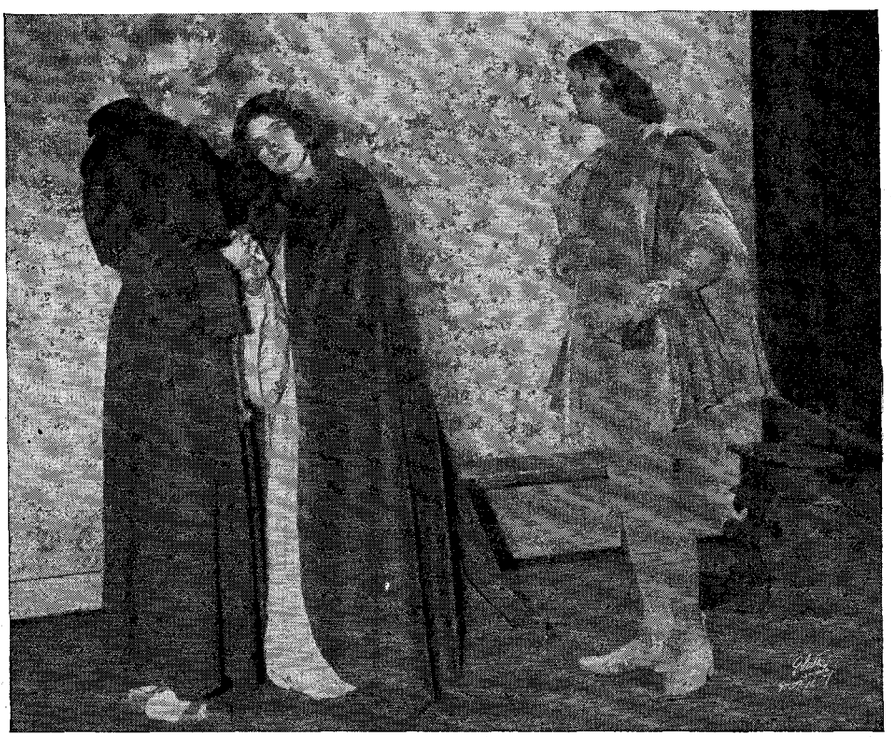
"Repertory" derives from the Latin *reperio,* "to find again." Its definition in the Standard Dictionary is "a place where things are stored or gathered together, or the things so gathered; a repository; collection." A Repertory Theatre, therefore, is a theatre where plays which have proved their worth are gathered together and kept in circulation like the books on the shelves of a public library. A Repertory Theatre is a theatre where, almost at will, you can "find again" the plays you have seen and liked and would like to see again or the plays about which your curiosity has been aroused. You can "find" them this week, you can "find them again" next week, next month, next year, five years hence, a quarter of a century from today. By not wearing them threadbare with long runs as Broadway would have done, the Moscow Art Theatre has carried beyond the quarter century mark the plays of Tchekhoff, Gorky and Tolstoy. If the Civic Repertory Theatre in New York City endures that long—and there is now no visible reason why it should not—the same plays of the same Tchekhoff and Tolstoy, Sierra's *The Cradle Song,* Barrie's *Peter Pan,* Goldoni's *La Locandiera* and the plays of Ibsen will probably achieve the same longevity.

A Repertory Theatre, then, is a repository theatre, a theatre in which plays are gathered together and kept alive. Alternating performances of a wide range of plays is the only way to prolong their life. A permanent company is the only kind able to resume a play after some months lapse from the current schedule without prohibitively arduous rehearsals. Long and careful preparation of a new play, as contrasted with the nervous and frantically intense rehearsals of Broadway, is not merely an end in itself with a true repertory company but the only way in which a group of players, presently occupied with performing a different play each night to the number of six or eight or ten a week, can possibly find time to do such work at all. In other words, true repertory is the natural and normal form of the theatre.

All of this meticulous use of the phrase "true repertory" is the unfortunate result of blunting the edge of the simple term "repertory." Small town stock companies which present a new play each week throughout the season assume the dignity of "repertory companies." Larger city stock companies, differing only in giving each play a fortnight's run, put forth the same claims. Summer resort theatres take on "repertory" airs. Subscription theatres, in promising their patrons five or six or more new productions a season, blandly talk about "repertory." Some of them have conscience enough to use the term "Modified repertory." Modified, indeed! Modified, usually, out of all resemblance. The false and dishonest thing about these various misuses of the word "repertory" is that nothing is kept to be "found again." There is seldom any fleeting intention of so keeping it.

EVA LEGALLIENNE

The confused and inexact, not to say deliberately misleading, use of the term "repertory" in connection with the theatre is probably the direct outcome of the decay, decline and ultimate disappearance of the true old-time repertory company. Just as throughout Europe today, excepting England, the American theatre used to be organized and operated on a genuine repertory basis. But for a generation or two, the only evidence of genuine repertory on the American stage was not in the



White Studio

Scene from "Romeo and Juliet" as presented by the Civic Repertory Theatre

(Please Turn to Page 280)

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The Stream of Business

By FRANK A. FALL

Battle of the Taxis

WITH a particularly sharp stick, Yellow Taxi Corporation is prodding General Motors and asking howcome when Yellow loses a valuable railroad or steamship terminal contract overnight, the General is discovered next morning with a bulging coat-pocket and an expression on his face matching that of the cat who has just eaten the canary.

Yellow's story runs about like this. You see, we used to buy our cabs of G. M. and now we buy them of Checker. So G. M. started in to get us by operating taxicabs as well as manufacturing them. Being large shippers of freight by both rail and water, by threatening to reroute their shipments they brought such pressure to bear that the carriers have voided our contracts and made new ones with Terminal Cab Corporation, a G. M. subsidiary. Since January 1 they have also hired away many of our drivers.

The General Motors side of the controversy will, of course, come out in the Corporation's defense of the injunction suit brought by the Yellow Taxi Corporation. It is expected that one factor in the defense will be a countercharge that Yellow is now enjoying a virtual monopoly of business at New York city docks, which are supposedly open to general competition. Mayor Walker's Taxicab Commission is doing some investigating on its own hook, and clashes between the two interests are developing in other cities. It should be a brisk fight, and may the cab with the most-nearly-honest meter win!

Tearing Down Fences

CRIME costs the United States at least ten billion dollars a year. Mark O. Prentiss, organizer of the National Crime Commission, believes that the correct figure is nearer thirteen billion. No one knows just what part of this stupendous waste is due to the activities of the "fence" but it is certainly a proportion eminently worth saving.

Criminal receivers are the real "master minds" of fraud, burglary, robbery and larceny. As has been clearly shown by the Association of Grand Jurors of New York County, the fences not only finance the criminals and dispose of their loot but they provide lawyers and procure political influence. Making use of every pullable wire they actually get the basic information and lay the broader plans of underworld operation.

Such hope as there is in the present situation lies in the passage and the vigorous enforcement of the proposed National Stolen Property Law. Introduced by Representative LaGuardia, the "Federal Fence Bill" has passed the House and is now being considered by the Judiciary Committee of the Senate. If Senator Norris, chairman of the Committee, wants to strike a winning blow for law and order, he will see that this measure is promptly reported out and effectively supported on the floor of the Senate.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) June 7—87.6. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) June 7—79.8.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended May 24—931,472 cars (increase of 1,468 over preceding week; reduction of 129,944 under same week of 1929).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended May 31—71% of capacity (reduction of 2.5% under preceding week and of 24% under same week of 1929).

Crude Oil Production Week ended May 31—daily average gross 2,609,450 barrels (increase of 29,950 over preceding week; reduction of 102,200 under same week of 1929).

Grain Exports Week ended May 31—1,009,000 bushels (reduction of 611,000 under preceding week and of 1,038,000 under same week of 1929).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended June 5—$10,012,710,000 (increase of 3.7% over preceding week; reduction of 26.5% under same week of 1929).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended June 5—485 (increase of 69 over five-day period ended Ma. 28, 1930 and of 62 over same week of 1929).

More Vagaries

THE T. B. M., who appears to enjoy reading about the odd antics of his fellow humans, continues to report them in increasing numbers to the Outlook. The latest grist includes:

1. That Louisiana apiarist who stung the Post Office department by sending 5,000 bees by parcel post to a honey farmer in Wappingers Falls, New York.

2. That thrifty citizen of Atlanta who shingled his new home completely with 1929 Georgia license plates, salvaged from the state at one cent apiece.

3. That new president of the Boston and Maine Railroad, who made two speeches containing a grand total of 29 words. The word "grand" is used advisedly.

4. That Commercial Agent Extraordinary and heir to the British throne, who flew to Cornwall, donned overalls and greeted the tin-miners 400 feet underground.

5. That hotel in southern Algeria, which was put in 200 pound packages, carried 500 miles across the burning sands by camels, and set up, completely equipped, in an oasis in the Sahara Desert.

6. That pigeon which built its nest between a brick wall and an electric sign at 166 West Monroe Street, Chicago, the construction materials consisting of paper clips, nails, wire, carpet tacks, pencil stubs, match sticks, rubber bands and some yellow ribbon.

7. That tree in Athens, Georgia, which owns itself, because its former owner left this provision in his will: "In consideration of the great love I bear this tree, and the great desire I have for its protection for all time, I convey to it the entire possession of itself and all land within eight feet of the tree on all sides."

A Mosaic on Marketing

IN *Market Organization* (Ronald Press $4.00) Roland S. Vaile of the University of Minnesota and Peter L. Slagsvold, a former Minnesota instructor now at Montana State College, got together the most interesting material on marketing they could assemble for students in schools of commerce and colleges of business administration.

It must be said that, in a favorable sense, they overshot the mark. This stuff is fine for students but even more useful for merchandisers who are interested in their job. That the book is a mosaic is frankly acknowledged by the authors themselves, but the pieces are so colorful and so cleverly put together that the complete design is most satisfying.

Marketing functions and organization, classifications of commodities, manipulation of demand, price policies, transportation, costs, consumer co-operation, standardization—these and many related topics are clearly and thoroughly covered. Many schools will adopt this text. So will many merchandisers.

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▶▶ Hard Facts from Hard Courts ◀◀

By GEORGE TREVOR

NEARING forty, people begin to "kid themselves." The mature woman, studying her reflection in the mirror, tries to convince herself that those webby crow's feet about her eyes are temporary symptoms of late hours rather than lines etched by time. "I look as young as ever" she says, half aloud, and her words echo mockingly. She knows they're not true.

The middle-aged athlete, doing a knee bend in the locker room, pats his muscles approvingly. "The old spring is still there," he muses; "I'm as good as ever." "Yes sir, as good as ever," he reiterates argumentatively, half conscious that his tones lack conviction. He chokes on the lie.

Writing from Paris, after his four set defeat at Henri Cochet's hands in the French Hard Courts Championship, William Tilden essays a similar self-hypnosis. "I'm playing as good tennis as I ever did in my life," declares Tilden, "Cochet is simply too much for me. I could not have beaten him in his present form at any stage of my career. The strokes that stopped Billy Johnston cannot halt Cochet."

I think Big Bill is kidding himself. The challenging, querelous note in his "good as ever" declaration confirms my skepticism. Of course it is sporting not to fall back on "I'm-not-the-man-I-used-to-be" alibi, but Tilden was never given to self-depreciation. He always speaks out bluntly, no matter whose toes are trampled. Plainly, he is now trying to persuade himself into believing an untruth.

Tilden, according to Junior Coen, is playing the best tennis he has shown in four years, but it is not the devastating, ruthless, devil-may-care Tilden of 1920-1925. The brash effrontery, the almost contemptuous arrogance which characterized his every action in that six year span, is missing in the tempered Tilden of today. Where forcing shots once flowed off his racket with effortless ease, they now betray a hint of conscious application, of labored execution. His dreaded flat drive no longer shaves the net band as of yore; it has lost "zip" as it gained in elevation.

Tilden once said that the hall mark of a tennis champion was the ability "to scramble"—by which he meant the knack of making impossible gets from positions wide of the court, while arms and legs were tied in a bow-knot. Well, Tilden can no longer scramble—scramble according to his own definition of the term. Those giraffe-like legs can still bite off chunks of court, but time has robbed him of that India-rubber elasticity and limberness which make possible miraculous recoveries. Deep in his heart, Tilden knows that his "winners" no longer come off under pressure, realizies that he cannot dig his way out of a tight corner by a parry so militant in nature as to constitute an offensive counter thrust.

Tilden's lack of confidence is palpable in his meetings with Cochet. To speak bluntly, Big Bill has lost his nerve where the stocky Lyonnais is concerned. The lank Philadelphian tightens up, "presses" like an over-eager golfer.

Little Bill Johnston withered physically, but he never lost his domineering truculence, his chip-on-the-shoulder combativeness. Had Johnston retained as much of his peak-efficiency as Tilden still retains, I cannot imagine Little Bill knuckling under tamely even to such a genius as Cochet.

For two sets in the finals of the French Hard Courts Championship, Tilden gave Cochet as good as he got, winning the first and losing the second at deuce. Then he cracked all over; completely lost his form. A rout followed comparable in nature to the Roman panic at Cannae, a disorderly retreat for which weakened morale as well as lack of stamina was responsible. Tilden, like Varro's legionaries, knew when he was beaten.

Cochet has Tilden's number, even as "Man o' War" had Sir Barton's. The 1930 Davis cup number one singles match, assuming that Tilden is selected, will be a repetition of the Paris hard court finals. Cochet will beat Tilden as he has beaten him in every match since 1927.

What is the secret of Cochet's wizardry? "An amazing faculty for covering up his intentions, for concealing the direction of his shots," answers Rene Lacoste. "He masks direction by a peculiar technique, a flick of the wrist rather than a sweeping follow-through.

"Cochet takes the ball on the rise. He hits it in front of his body, screening the ball from your view. He chokes off his finish, employs scarcely any backswing. His methods are unorthodox, almost heretical, but genius can flout copy book rules."

Cochet has no weakness, unless it be a somewhat tentative second serve. His delivery is merely a medium for putting the ball in play. It is subtle rather than brutal; marked by finesse instead of force. He seldom aces anybody.

Whereas Tilden, despite his formidable reach, has always been disinclined to force the issue at the net, Cochet is happy at close quarters, delights in rapier-like volleys to unsuspected vulnerable spots. His reflexes, his agility, his intuition, and his keenness of eye are those of an alley cat. There is something feline in Cochet's court actions that makes you sorry for the mouse.

Whether or not Tilden in his prime could have beaten the Cochet of today need not concern us here; what does matter is that he cannot beat him now. Yet, in the light of Tilden's five set knock down and drag out victory over Borotra, how can the American Davis Cup Committee fail to nominate its number one man?

We must concede Cochet two Davis Cup singles matches. We may, without too great presumption, concede ourselves the doubles contest. The problem thus narrows down to the matter of finding two men who can beat Borotra.

Tilden has shown that he can do it—admitting that he was all out to win against a man whose game was in process of being revamped. The Basque, feeling the weight of years, has been forced to modify his ebullient net-storming technic.

"Ah oui!" as the volatile wearer of the blue beret likes to say, the time has come to temper zeal with discretion. Accordingly, Borotra is reorganizing his tactical plan, is brushing up on ground strokes and restricting his forays to the net.

Tilden's canny use of spin, his knack of mixing slithering chop strokes with flat drives, bothers Borotra, upsets his equilibrium. Borotra thrives on unalloyed speed; likes a target to strike at which doesn't wobble. From among Lott, Doeg, Van Ryn, and Allison we might possibly unearth one player who could whip the somewhat tired Borotra of 1930 but I doubt that we could dig up two such youngsters. There is thus no alternative to naming Tilden if America means business at St. Cloud.

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▶▶ "Spain Isn't All Like That!" ◀◀

By T. R. YBARRA

MADRID.

MY SPANISH FRIEND listened politely to what I had to say. The gist of it was the mentality of Spain was largely wedded to yesterday and largely out of touch with today. He nodded sympathetically. He egged me on. He drew me out, inspired me to quite a burst of eloquence. Then he took his cigarette from between his lips, knocked away the ashes, took another puff—an energetic little puff—as if to clear his decks for action, and said:

"Spain isn't all like that. It isn't all futile politics and ardent love-making and bloody bullfighting and aimless conversation. Some of your criticism of Spain and the Spaniards is unquestionably true. There is much laziness in Spain, much backwardness, much self-complacency, much too much veneration of the past and contempt for the present. But—"

HE SUDDENLY jumped from his chair, tossed away his cigarette.

"Put on your hat," he said, "and come with me."

He hailed a taxi. We both got into it. He gave a sharp order to the driver. In a few minutes the taxi drew up before an imposing building on one of Madrid's busiest downtown streets.

Except for lack of height—the building was only half a dozen stories tall—it might well have been somewhere in the vicinity of Broadway and Wall Street, Manhattan. It had a most impressive, broad entrance, opening into a wide lobby, paved with marble, supported by marble columns, surrounded by a balcony with marble balustrades. On every side were flat-top desks and the click of typewriters manipulated by young Spanish "señoritas" who did not so much as look up—much less smile—when we entered. Spaniards with knitted brows and purposeful stride dashed out of one swinging door, to disappear through another. More Spaniards, equally knitted of brow and purposeful of demeanor, dictated letters, pressed buttons, snatched telephone receivers off hooks. There wasn't a guitar in sight. Nor a castanet.

"This," said my Spanish friend, "is the central Madrid office of our national telephone company. We consider our telephone system the best in Europe. Would you like to phone some friend of yours in Spain?"

I bethought me of a fellow-American who was blithely touring southern Spain and was, at that moment, according to my calculations, in Seville, at the other end of the country.

"Sure!" I answered. "Where is the long-distance booth?"

"Booth be hanged!" said my Spaniard. He shoved a blank under my nose.

"Write your friend's Spanish address on that," he commanded, "and add whatever message you wish to send."

I did. The Spaniard took it to a matter-of-fact-looking "señorita" at a nearby desk. She counted the words, took a couple of small coins tendered her by my friend, tossed my blank onto a heap of messages at her elbow.

"Let's go have a drink," said my friend.

"But how about telephoning Seville," I objected.

"Forget it," said he. "You don't have to do anything more. An employee of the company will phone that message to another employee in Seville. There it will be written on a blank like the one I just gave you and rushed to your friend at whatever hotel he may be. He will have your message in an hour or two—it will have cost less than a telegram—and neither he nor you will have been near a telephone! You can send such messages—they are called 'telefonemas'—from any city or town in Spain to any other. Oh, there is a lot of futility and outworn conventionalism among us Spaniards, but—Spain isn't all like that!"

WITHIN THE NEXT few days I had good evidence to verify what he had said about the Spanish telephone system. The whole country is covered with a network of lines, the greater part of which have been installed as if by magic—but, in reality, by Americans—within an incredibly short space of time. So excellent is this system, so easily and cheaply worked, that Spain has really become "telephone-minded" overnight. When you motor along a Spanish road, there is not a hamlet, no matter how insignificant or tumble-down it may be, without a sign reading "teléfono" and an arrow pointing toward the village telephone office.

And that brings up another thing in which the Spain of today "isn't all like that."

Within the past ten or fifteen years Spain has provided herself with a most excellent network of motor roads. It stretches from the French frontier to the shores of the Straits of Gibraltar, from the Portuguese border to the Mediterranean coast. There are hundreds and hundreds of these ultra-modern highways—heavily macadamized, beautifully graded, carefully marked, admirably tended. They dip down into hollows, curve upward along the slopes of hills, cut through sleepy Old-World villages, fearlessly tackle steep mountain ranges. Every few miles there is a neat, whitewashed house, with the distances to the next town of importance in either direction painted in big black letters on the walls, and the word "Camineros" over the door. In such houses the "camineros," or gangs of road-workers, who toil ceaselessly keeping Spain's new roads in repair, find shelter at the end of their day's work and a place to sleep before starting out in the dawn on their next job.

At the grade crossings where the railways cross the motor roads there are up-to-date signs of warning and highly modern gates and twentieth-century employees, men and women, with severe expressions on their faces and red flags in their hands, to stop road traffic while the train is passing.

Which brings up still another thing.

While you are sitting in your motor car at a Spanish grade crossing, you may be astonished at seeing not the regular sort of Spanish train, with its antiquated engine and flimsy-looking wooden cars, but—and how you rub your eyes at the sight!—a powerful locomotive of the newest type, hauling an all-Pullman vestibuled train, with passengers lolling luxuriously in upholstered easy chairs, or leaning forward to eat food served to them where they are seated—for each of these Spanish Pullmans is a dining-car—by attendants in neat uniforms.

There is such an all-Pullman train running daily between Granada—which, less than five hundred years ago, was still held, in defiance of Christendom, by the Moors—and Seville, synonym of Spanish serenading and languorous glances and laziness and laissez-faire.

Yes, my Spanish friend was right—"Spain isn't all like that!"

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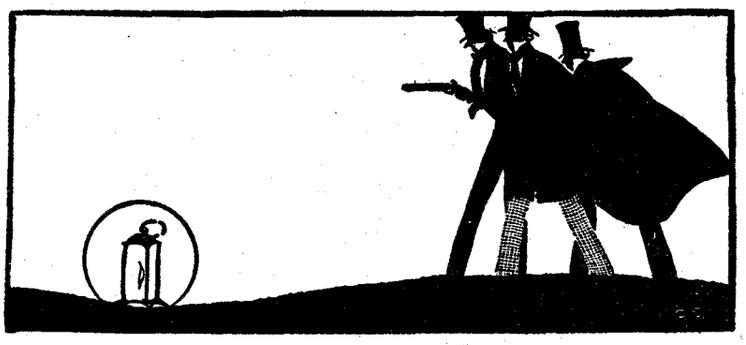
The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

The Adamses of America

TO AMERICANS of more than a few years standing there could be no book more gratifying than *The Adams Family* by James Truslow Adams (Little, Brown; an Atlantic Monthly Press Book: $4). In it, the historian, who is not a member of the family which he celebrates, writes of "the most distinguished family in the United States." It is impossible to think of any which might rise to contradict that, the first statement in a book as firm in its statements as it is wise in its conclusions. We do not fret much about families, here. We produce plenty of distinguished men, but they produce few distinguished sons.

With the birth of John Adams in 1735, the Adamses, up to that time substantial and conservative farmers, entered what Mr. Adams, following Henry Adams, calls "the new phase." They became great men. The angel who keeps the Book of the Generations of Men could turn back the pages to find if ever before an Adams had been a genius. We cannot. We can only wonder and guess. Maybe sometime a great man stopped at the Adams farm in Somersetshire. But, anyway, the Adamses cannot be fathered on Francis Bacon. Milton is a more likely progenitor. The Areopagitica may have been in the Adams blood. It is rather more practical to suppose that "the new phase" was due to "some mysterious result from the combination of Adams and Boylston blood" which produced John Adams, or to "some unfathomable synchronism between the peculiar qualities of the Adamses and the whole social structure of the next few generations." Anyway, with John Adams, the blood ceased to produce farmers and began to produce statesmen and writers with perfect regularity. Even the careers were similar. England, traditional enemy of the Adamses because they were so English, played in the lives of the first three "new phase" generations, almost as large a part as America. John Adams and John Quincy made implacable enemies, suffered terrible defeats, and were finally vindicated and victorious. Charles Francis, as Ambassador to England during the Civil War, distinguished himself in the most vital diplomatic rôle which an American has ever been called upon to play. He was spared the defeat. Henry, by far the greatest member of the fourth generation although the others were eminent in education, law, history, criticism, even business, suffered the subtle defeat of a man who is not of his era but the complete and typically Adams victory of one who possesses his own soul.



Illustrations by Carlos Sanchez from "The Gold Bug and Other Tales and Poems" (Macmillan)

These Adamses were liberals. They were without thought of self in their conduct of public affairs. They were honest and they were brave. The pages which record their bravery are the most exalting in Mr. Adams' exalting book. And they were civilized. They were statesmen, not politicians. They knew, especially in the first two generations and again in the fourth, how to say "I"; and they said it to great purpose. Possibly two Adams *I*-s made America. (This is *I*, the capital letter and not *aye*, meaning *yes;* the Adamses were not Yes-men). If the family ability seems, in Mr. Adams' account, to have decreased in Charles Francis, the third generation, one has to remember that the "perfectly balanced Adams mind" no longer had a perfectly balanced world in which to operate. For one thing, "around 1850 the Puritan God evaporated, leaving only the New England conscience." For another, liberty had begun to be considered synonymous with democracy. And for a third, Nature was beginning, all over the world, to put statesmen in cold storage until the time was ripe for them again. In the fourth generation, the Adams genius had taken another turn. Having given America its greatest diary, it was to give its greatest autobiography and two of its greatest literary works.

James Truslow Adams is a historian rather than a biographer, and his book is not biography. Nor is it a history of America, although such histories are "cluttered up with Adamses." It is the record of the action of a family upon an environment and of an environment upon a family. It would appear that, now, the environment has won; if there was a conflict. John Adams and John Quincy would have been lost in a world of politics and big-business. They were nearly lost in its beginnings. The third

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generation might have made compromises and gotten along. The fourth was already withdrawn from the world.

"The record may be longer," John Quincy Adams wrote in his diary after a visit to the family burying ground. It has been longer. But it is probably closed. Eminence now is not the same thing that it was in the Adams days.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

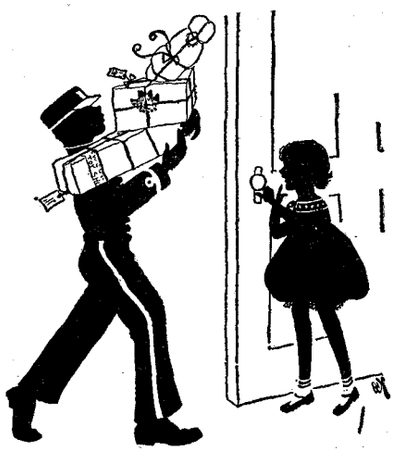
The Privates' War

In the same week appear war books by three soldiers of King George—one, a Canadian, two, Englishmen. They tell what the authors saw and suffered. All served as privates; all were in the thick of the fighting; all present unsparingly the dirty talk and vice of camp life; all feel bitterly the indifference of the "brass hats" and "military mandarins" to the fate of the men in trenches, but discriminate between those company and non-commissioned officers who were thoughtful of their men's welfare and those who were bullies or incompetent. None of the three books is strictly a novel, but each employs fictional methods to make the narrative personal and direct.

The Canadian soldier, Charles Yale Harrison, sardonically calls his story *Generals Die in Bed* (William Morrow and Company. $2.50). It is extremely vivid; the author picks out a few startling episodes, and, so to speak, fires like a machine gun, in rattling volleys. Most terrible of these descriptions is that of the looting of Arras; it is stated that this is the first time that the incident has been fully told; the account avers that the hungry Canadians drove away the English Military Police with machine guns and that later, near Amiens,

officers intimated that no prisoners need be taken—and none were taken. The book as a whole suffers from constant literary explosiveness, but one reads it breathlessly.

The best balanced view of the private is found in Private 19022's *Her Privates We* (Putnams, $2.50). The soldier, Bourne, whose experiences are followed from the first to the last page and to his death, was not only a good soldier but a thinker, given to reasoning about



Drawings by Ethel C. Taylor in Eva Little McElevey's "Dad and I" (Dutton)

things and occasionally mystical. At times he argues unduly about trivial matters and then becomes tedious; but in the main his narrative is dramatic.

Ex-Private X, author of *War Is War* (E. P. Dutton & Co., $2.50) is a practised writer of short stories. When he is describing war-work he actually saw, he is capital—the best of the three privates in clear-cut narrative. He has also the gift of humor. Unfortunately, however, he is given to exercising that gift savagely on some of his pet antipathies. For instance, he didn't like Australian soldiers; so he remarks that "The way they repaid the hospitality extended to them in England is still remembered by the parents of daughters and the owners of portable valuables;" he doesn't approve of the Labor Party; so he speaks of the brutal "rabble" at a soccer match as "our present governing class, God save the mark." Also he carries a big stick for Lloyd George. All this sort of thing is not germane to his subject.

Faults aside, these books do bring us close to the actualities as opposed to the "romance" and "glory" of war.

R. D. TOWNSEND

The Week's Reading

AN AWARD offered by The *Forum* and Simon and Schuster for "the most meritorious piece of writing aiming to humanize a given branch of knowledge" has been won by Bernard Jaffe with *Crucibles* (Simon and Schuster $5), a group of short biographies of chemists from the days of Trevisan, in the fourteenth century, when chemists were alchemists and oftener than not charlatans, to today. From looking for the Philosopher's Stone which would turn base metals to gold, men have come to look for gold and fame and the good of mankind in all the mysteries of the laboratory. Although this reviewer dislikes and disbelieves in the present substitution of personality sketches for history, this method of popularizing information (not "humanizing knowledge") is so generally practised that even a dissenter must consider such books as *Crucibles* for the earnest efforts that they are. *Crucibles* is competently, often vividly, written. It is full of original characters and of exciting events and the scientific information which is deftly worked into it is undoubtedly accurate. Any one interested casually in chemistry and in the general course of modern science should enjoy this book and learn a good deal from it.

Very juvenile indeed is *Jackdaws Strut*, a novel by Harriet Henry (Morrow $2.50) in which coincidence plays an important part. The story is of the illegitimate child of the daughter of "good Brooklyn people, never smart but always tremendously respected," whose social ambitions carry her, alone in New York after her mother's death, into a wholesale dress house, as model, where she meets, without knowing it, her father, a rough diamond; into a fashionable gynecologist's office as secretary, through which she meets the elegant Charles, who could give and take considerable but wouldn't marry her; and finally into a book-shop where she learns that all is not gold that glitters, and whence she passes into Nicky's lawfully waiting arms. Nicky is a bud-

ding author and has friends who talk wittily of the new morality and read Rousseau. One of them "resembled the pictures one glimpsed of George Jean Nathan." Charles "had been to Oxford, hence the 'I say'" in his conversation.

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And so forth. The authoress has facility and is observing.

After finishing *Jackdaws Strut,* we read *Park Avenue* by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Junior (Macaulay $2), and felt like running back to Harriet Henry with a garland of laurels and praise. For if she is not a significant novelist, or even an entertaining one, she is at least a writer of reasonably good taste. Mr. Vanderbilt writes of young Schuyler Van Courtland, who was born to Fifth Avenue but moved to Park. His life bears out all that Hollywood has taught of the inhabitants of that district, their flaming youth, their orgies, their night clubs, studios and bedchambers. Schuyler Van Courtland, "good old Sky," allows his inborn sense of chivalry to get him into a lot of trouble, including a charge of murder. But all is well. The novel closes on a lofty note. "Their lips met and clung in holy rapture, while the ocean's waves, splashing against the steamer's hull, kept rhythmic accompaniment to the music of their souls." They were embarking on "Life's Voyage-Together." As a novelist, Mr. Vanderbilt may be described in words which he applies to his hero—"a resourceful young business man with a fount of ideas all his own."

Unluckily for us, the only two novels received here this week which we would have liked to read through, were received too late for review. However, we have looked into them and suggest that, if you are looking for new novels you try two Irish ones, *A Flock of Birds* by Kathleen Coyle (Dutton $2.50), and *The Return of the Hero* by Darrell Figgis (Boni Paper Books 50 cts.). Nobody in the world will ever be able to put a cash value on the contents of a book. But if Cornelius Vanderbilt Junior's book is worth two dollars to you, Darrell Figgis' will not be worth anything. It is a satire upon modern Ireland, subtle and blistering. You can laugh and cry over it, and be glad that there are people in the world who can write like that. James Stephens' introduction is clever. The satire is built on a frame of an old legend of Oisin, Fenian hero, who came back from death and talked to Saint Patrick about the new Ireland. Kathleen Coyle's book is exquisite tragedy, the story of a mother's thoughts during the days just before her son's execution during the Black and Tan troubles of nineteen-nineteen. The stream of consciousness method, developed by Joyce, is used to a certain extent, but the style has a warmth and beauty which Joyce's possesses only for initiates.

Several of Dorothy Parker's sketches which have appeared in New York periodicals are published in one volume, *Laments for the Living* (Viking Press $2.50). Of their kind, these sketches and stories are perfect. They are ephemeral in value, journalistic in style and strictly dated. Like so much contemporary work in writing and the plastic arts, Miss Parker's provokes the comment, "how clever she is," rather than "how good it is." There are three stories in the volume, "Mr. Durant," "The Wonderful Old Gentleman," and "Big Blonde," all admirable compact portraits of certain human types. The rest of the sketches are dialogues or monologues with setting indicated or implied. All the pieces suggest scripts for the use of a diseuse. Dorothy Parker's work is based on very sharp observation and is direct, unvarnished reporting. An obvious, somewhat superficial irony plays over it. It is more like the comment upon life as she sees it of a young person in a tight place than the urgent, impersonal satire or the pitying mockery of maturity.

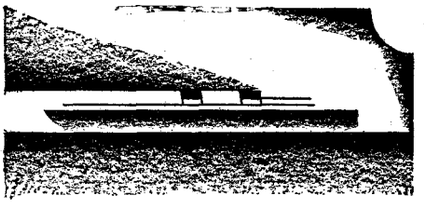
Among recent books received too late for detailed review are *War, Politics and Reconstruction* by Henry Clay Warmoth, former Governor of Louisiana (Macmillan $3.50), who writes the exciting and not altogether lovely story of Louisiana in the period following the Civil War; *The Boston Transcript* by Joseph E. Chamberlin (Houghton, Mifflin $3.50), a history of the first hundred years of one of America's most distinguished newspapers; *Everyman's Book of Flying* by Orville H. Kneen (Stokes $3.50), a technical book, a condensed encyclopedia, of aviation for the air-minded; *The Love Life of Byron Caldwell Smith,* with an introduction by A. I. Tobin (Antigone Press $5), an edition of the exquisite letters of the Kansas professor in which names and places are no longer disguised, a book full of nobility of sentiment and lyric beauty of expression; *Do You Know English Literature?,* an elaborate question and answer book prepared by John Macy and Blanche Colton Williams (Appleton $3.50), useful no doubt to students, but an abominable way to study literature; *Burbank, the Infidel,* by Joseph Lewis (Freethought Press $1), a short paean of praise for Luther Burbank's by no means startling views on religion.

F. L. R.

The Outlook's Five Inch Shelf

For Week-End Reading

Detective: **The Best English Detective Stories of 1929:** Liveright.
Novel: **The Hound of Florence,** by Felix Salten: Simon and Schuster.
History: **The Adams Family,** by James Truslow Adams: Little, Brown.
Miscellaneous: **Liberty,** by Everett Dean Martin: Norton.



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The Outlook's Guide to the Most Discussed Books

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon;* JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia;* THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., *Boston, Massachusetts.*

Fiction

The Scarab Murder Case, by S. S. Van Dine: Scribner's. Good in spite of Philo Vance. Reviewed June 4.

Cimarron, by Edna Ferber: Doubleday, Doran. Picturesque tale of Oklahoma. Reviewed April 9.

Laughing Boy, by Oliver LaFarge: Houghton, Mifflin. Poetic romance of life and love among the Navajos. Pulitzer prize winner. Reviewed November 6.

A Candle in the Wilderness, by Irving Bacheller: Bobbs, Merrill. Historical novel of early New England. Will be reviewed next week.

The Shepherd of Guadaloupe, by Zane Grey: Harper. A western romance. Will be reviewed next week.

Non-Fiction

The Story of San Michele, by Axel Munthe: Dutton. Picturesque autobiography of a famous doctor. Reviewed May 21.

Byron, by Andre Maurois: Appleton. A brilliant biography of the self-made tragic hero. Reviewed March 26.

Green Pastures, by Marc Connelly: Farrar & Rinehart. The white man's idea of the Negro's idea of heaven in a touching play developed from Roark Bradford's stories. Reviewed March 12.

Strange Death of President Harding, by M. D. Thacker: Guild Publishing Co. Will not be reviewed here.

Toward Civilization, a symposium edited by Charles Beard: Longmans. The engineers have their day in court. Reviewed April 30 and May 14.

Magazine Articles Recommended

The Cost of a Racing Stable, by Croesus. The Sportsman, June.

Next to owning—and operating—an ocean going yacht, horse racing is supposed to be the costliest of sports. In this article, the author, who prefers to remain anonymous, speaks with authority. Few people have any idea how much the "sport of kings" actually costs the owner of even a moderate stable.

Enter Backgammon, by Grosvenor Nicholas. Vanity Fair, June.

Astounding as it may seem, the ancient game of backgammon has staged a "come back." Enthusiasts claim it will soon be a rival to contract bridge. Mr. Nicholas is a backgammon expert and for those of us who have forgotten or never knew the fascination of this game gives practical advice on a few fundamentals.

One of the Neighbors, by Malcom Anthony. Mentor, June.

Although the popularity of Bermuda as a vacation spot increases yearly, few tourists and travellers realize how closely its history is bound to our own. The island has already seen stirring times before the American Revolution and its story, in many ways unique, should be of interest to all prospective visitors.

Harrigan, American, by Montrose J. Moses. Theatre Guild Magazine, June.

This historian of the American Theatre reminds us that Elmer Rice's **Street Scene** is not the first successful American play to exploit immigrant types. In this illustrated article he shows that through the 'seventies, 'eighties and 'nineties Edward Harrigan, in happy association with Tony Hart and David Braham, brought out the comic and above all the human side of the Irish, German and Negro life of New York.

Behind the Blurbs

EVEN though the echoes of the first vigorous cannonades of the book-price-war are fainter now, we are still receiving missiles from first one camp and then the other. Just reminders, you know; to keep us advised that "all is not quiet," etc. The latest broadside comes from Houghton Mifflin Company and declares that firm to be agin price reduction for a number of what we think are well founded reasons. They argue that a cut price policy on new books is economically unsound and will not solve the problem that it has been devised to meet. They point out that book profits must be split four ways: between the author, the publisher, the printer, and the bookseller. The cut price system will therefore make it increasingly difficult for the unknown author to get his first book accepted and the well-established writer who has been accustomed to receiving 37½c for each book sold will now have to content himself with 10c. Further, it is their opinion that although the public may seem to benefit, the final result of such a step will be standardization of "best seller types" and ultimately discriminating readers and literature itself will suffer. ☙ ☙ ☙ And so the debate continues with one authority quoted as saying, "If we don't pay for good writing, we shall be afflicted with bad writing—as, in fact, we are." ☙ ☙ ☙ Being lazy ourself, we feel that the most constructive argument which has been set forth on the other side of the fence was a remark made to us by a fellow reviewer—"Well, this change is going to make things easy for us. All we'll have to say about a book is, 'Dollar book. Draw your own conclusions.'" ☙ ☙ ☙ And while we are on this reviewing subject, and just to show you that we are broadminded, we think another good "remark-of-the-week" came from the fellow who suggested that publishers print on their book jackets information about the author instead of silly and often misleading blurbs. ☙ ☙ ☙ We learn from the house of Alfred A. Knopf that they plan to bring out in the Fall a book entitled, *The American Hotel: An Anecdotal History,* being a history of American hotels. It was written by the late Jefferson Williamson, who for six years was the editor of the *Hotel Gazette.* ☙ ☙ ☙ Charles Scribner's Sons has just brought out a limited signed edition of Conrad Aiken's *Selected Poems* which was awarded the 1929 Pulitzer Prize for Poetry. The edition consists of 210 copies which sell at $10 each. ☙ ☙ ☙ *Rome Haul,* Walter D. Edmond's novel has been made into a play by Frank Elser. It is to be produced in New York shortly after Labor Day. Mr. Edmond has recently completed another novel which is to be called *The Big Barn.* Its locale is the Canal hinterland during the Civil War period. It is scheduled for October publication. ☙ ☙ ☙ This seems to be open season for lining-up what European authors are going to have to offer us in the Fall. Mr. Scaife of Houghton Mifflin Company has recently returned from a six weeks' sojourn in London and promises a number of delicacies from such well-known names as Anne Douglas Sedgwick, Rafael Sabatini, Havelock Ellis, John Buchan, Roland Pertwee, and Maude Meagher. The Sedgwick novel is to be called *Philippa* and will be built around the character of an American hero while the Sabatini novel will be a sequel to *Scaramouche.* ☙ ☙ ☙ John Masefield's first book to appear after his appointment as Poet Laureate will be *The Wanderer of Liverpool.* It deals with the journeys of a ship of that name. The book is in the hands of the printer now. ☙ ☙ ☙ Garet Garmany was the Chairman of the Citizens' Committee on Arrangements for the huge banquet given in honor of New York's retiring Police Commissioner, Dawson Deever. And he was shot, right in the middle of the banquet. Whereupon Bryce Burroughs, detective, whose papa was America's richest man or something, after explaining at some length how his subconscious did most of his work for him, plunged into the underworld and after some hair-raising exploits, rounded up the murder gang. Oh yes, the name of the story is *Murder in Manhattan*[1], and it shows the working of the New York Police Dept. from the inside, and though most of the characters have alliterative names, it's a pretty good yarn. ☙ ☙ ☙ Covici Friede has recently published the Rose Caylor translation and adaption of Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya*[2] which is being used for the current Jed Harris production of the play at the Cort Theatre in New York. Lillian Gish, the well-known screen star, has returned to the stage in this play. Rose Caylor is, in private life, Mrs. Ben Hecht. ☙ ☙ ☙ Devotees of Donn Byrne will be glad to learn that *A Party of Baccarat*[3], a story which first appeared as a magazine serial, has now been brought out in book form. The printing of this tale of love and gambling on the Riviera is the first step toward collecting the works of the Irish novelist in permanent form.

BERNICE WHITTEMORE.

1. By Arthur Procter: Morrow, $2.00.
2. $2.00.
3. Century, $1.75.

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▶▶ Bullets *vs.* Bales and Bills ◀◀

As Seen in Recent Books

TWO CONTRASTING groups of recent publications illustrate in a striking manner the political fatuity of the American mind. As a nation, we think of foreign politics in terms of war. We organize, we agitate, we cogitate and we negotiate with our eye on "the next war." At the same time, we are engaged in an economic struggle of the greatest magnitude. The "next war" is here and now. It has been going on since the enactment of the Fordney Tariff of 1922. When we speak of "war," we mean bullets; when the world goes to war, it uses bales and bills.

So it is that we find an overpowering group of European books exported to the United States as evidence of the perennial fascination of war for the boyish mind.

Preëminent among these is Marshal Petain's *Verdun* (The Dial Press), a record of the French military epic associated with the defense of that fortress in 1916. The book is one of the few fair, dispassionate accounts of an episode in military history associated with the World War. If it has a "message," it is that permanent fortifications are necessary to the defense of the French eastern frontier. Entering the biographical field by this military road, Rudolph Weterstetten's *Biography of President Von Hindenburg* (Macmillan) affords an excellent account of the East Prussian campaigns of the German President and a fair picture of the man's integrity and self-sacrifice. George Adam's *The Tiger: Georges Clemenceau* (Harcourt, Brace) gives a stirring journalistic picture of the journalist-statesman who saved France during the War. Another fighter is revealed in *'Il Duce': The Life and Work of Benito Mussolini* (Richard R. Smith). In this book a young Hungarian enthusiast writes a Fascist scenario of the present Italian Premier. In all these books, the military note is dominant. However, Europe is not inhabited exclusively by ex-belligerent statesmen. There was a man named Krupp, for example, who made excellent cannon and whose works at Essen turned warfare into a matter of tons and trackage. In *Krupp: A Great Business Man Seen Through His Letters* (Dial Press), Wilhelm Berdrow reveals one of the founders of Imperial Germany. Alfred Krupp died in 1887; if he had never lived, how different might have been the Germany of 1914.

If one is going in for hypotheses, Valentine Thomson's *Briand, Man of Peace* (Covici-Friede) suggests that the future of Europe may lie less in bullets than in bales. The author of the political proposal for a United Europe is here sympathetically portrayed by one of his warm personal friends and admirers. Mme. Thomson's book is particularly timely and if it does not entirely convert the reader to the thesis of Briand's personal grandeur, it makes it abundantly clear that the Breton peasant who rules the Quai d'Orsay is voicing a solid French interest when he advocates European peace and union. A century ago Metternich voiced similar ideals and for much the same reason. The great question of the day is whether French democracy can achieve what Austrian autocracy failed to accomplish after the World War which ended at Waterloo.

For while Europe exports to the United States friendly biographies of its leaders, Europe is thinking of America in economic terms. Bills of lading and bales of merchandise bulk large in European thought. The balance of trade is beginning to mean as much as the balance of power. While we dodder along a generation behind extra-American realities, European leaders are thinking furiously of economic conditions a generation hence.

Characteristically, it is an American banker, rather than an American professor or newspaperman, who sees and reports the fact. The newspaperman and professor are, like the poor, forever with us. But when *We Look at the World* (Henkle), with H. V. Kaltenborn of the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*, we get little but local color freshly laid on, with sympathetic squints at nationalistic China and economic Russia. And when Professor Herbert Adams Gibbons draws our attention to *Wider Horizons: The New Map of the World* (Century) he tells us of motive power, health, culture, trade, women, labor, youth, religion, international institutions and anti-war agitation. Both of these books are excellent in their way, but for the basic facts of international affairs, turn to Paul M. Mazur's *America Looks Abroad: The New Economic Horizons* (Viking Press).

Mr. Mazur is a Wall Street banker and his book is a temperate, sardonic discussion of the impending tariff war. As he sees it, where Europe can injure us, we can bankrupt Europe. Neither contingency is desirable and after both parties have lost money, he expects us to modify our tariff protection and to accelerate our foreign investments. He has little patience with the European fear of American "financial colonization." He observes that "it seems unreasonable that what had been a normal practice for European nations for one whole century should have become flagrantly unethical for America." He also remarks that "A protest against the unfairness of the creditor nation that places obstacles in the way of its debtor's discharge of obligations would have absolute justification." His book, aside from its well-balanced discussion of common-sense world economics, is valuable as evidence of the new material interests which are arising to combat our theory of tariff protection. With fifteen billion dollars invested abroad, American finance is being compelled to consider whether the elimination of our tariff will not assist in repayment of these loans. At the same time, American industrialists of the stamp of Ford are swinging around to a complete free trade view-point, in order to facilitate the export of their products. The next big tariff fight will be, not between industry and agriculture, but between big industry and high finance on the one hand, and small industry on the other.

When we reach that stage we will find ourselves where Europe has been for some time. We will, in the process, have received a liberal education in the relation of bales and bills of exchange to international conflict. If it is true—as Professor William Seal Carpenter asserts in *The Development of American Political Thought* (Princeton Press)—that "American statesmanship has been essentially practical, resorting to political theory usually in order to justify accomplished facts or to find a solution of complicated problems by providing some underlying general principles," here is the field in which American statesmanship will find its test in the next generation: the provision of an adequate political background for the distribution of bales and the collection of bills, rather than the renunciation of creeds for the distribution of bullets. For if cannon are the "ultima ratio regum," the marines are the last resort of Big Business—not, as the pacifists imagine, for the conquest of markets, but for the preservation of bales which might otherwise be destroyed and of bills which might otherwise be repudiated. Europe knows this and has lived up to this principle for a century of diplomatic cynicism; and when Europe professes a fear of our balance of trade, Europe knows what trade balances lead to. We don't.

JOHN CARTER.

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The Theatre

By O. D. C.

ALTHOUGH heralded with the Broadway equivalent for a blare of trumpets, and fresh from a Philadelphia triumph, Gilbert Seldes' version of Aristophanes' ancient comedy, *Lysistrata* seemed to us at a late hour last week, to be only a rather disappointing affair.

Viewed in retrospect, we think it is a little better than that, mainly because of the magnificent, imaginative settings by Norman Bel Geddes, and the excellent clowning of Ernest Truex and Miriam Hopkins, combined with the good acting of Violet Kemble Cooper. Here are competent *farceurs,* who do their best with burlesque material, and succeed very well in scenes which are not far removed from slap-stick comedy of the broadest variety. In fact, much of the interest of the piece seemed, to us, to lie in the fact that these actors, with the dim help of Aristophanes, were able to prove that human nature is always the same, whether the scene is the Acropolis of 400 B.C. or Broadway of 1930.

True, here is the fore-runner of George Hassel, De Wolfe Hopper and all comic opera comedians in the form of the President of the Senate. Here is the absurd husband teased by his wife. Here is the original fat girl of *Flying High* and innumerable other shows. And, above all, here is the one unfailing joke of the burlesque shows—the sex act. But the trouble with the show, for these modern days is that whereas sex considered seriously is more than material enough for an evening's drama, sex considered solely as a joke, from the physical standpoint, may give a few sophisticated and blasé theatre-goers a new kick; but, to the ordinary person, soon becomes tiresome.

Despite his excellent characterization, Aristophanes had only one joke in *Lysistrata,* and it wears thin. The covering of philosophy, of occasional keen wit and direct perception, with which both Aristophanes and his translator, Mr. Seldes, seek to enwrap the jest is too fragile to provide the relief and variety necessary to make a genuinely enthralling play. Interesting, *Lysistrata* unquestionably is, both as a spectacle and a human document from another age of man. Occasionally it is beautiful also, in its costuming, lighting and background. Certain scenes are exceptionally well done, and the occasional music is deftly used. But it cannot be called enthralling to Broadway audiences, no matter how good it may have been in the theatre in ancient Greece.

Personally, we are not familiar enough with the original to know whether Mr. Seldes is to be held responsible for this, or whether the play would be still less interesting as a modern production had some other playwright essayed the task. But for the benefit of those who may have forgotten, the plot deals with the efforts of the women of Athens to end the war already in progress against Sparta, their traditional rival, by swearing to receive no man into their beds until peace is signed. Securing the assistance of both Thebes and Corinth, they make a pact with the women of Sparta, whereby all swear the same oath —with the result that the doughty warriors who return for a brief armistice are soon brought to terms; although not without much heart burning on the part of the more attractive, but less indomitable ladies. Revived in the Victorian age, we imagine the piece might have shone with a startling freshness. But in these franker days, the admission by women that they, too, are not averse to the joys of love, is not headline news.

Guide to Current Shows

It's a Wise Child: Cleverly constructed farce-comedy about illegitimacy.

Strictly Dishonorable: Love and adventure in a speak-easy—delightful light comedy.

The First Mrs. Fraser: An uneven English comedy of manners.

Fifty Million Frenchmen: Expertly produced musical comedy.

Sons o' Guns: A gay musical show with the irrepressible Jack Donahue and Gina Malo.

Strike up the Band: Amusing lyrics, indifferent music with genial Clark and McCullough.

Topaze: Hats off to Lee Shubert for bringing this comedy from Paris.

The Green Pastures: The humble negro's story of the Lord God. The event of the season.

Michael and Mary: A tender and witty comedy of real human beings.

Hotel Universe: Fourth dimensional psychology—a bit heavy but extremely interesting.

Uncle Vanya: Moving Russian tragedy, splendidly produced—with Lillian Gish.

Flying High: The ideal summer musical show—with Bert Lahr more amusing than ever.

Garrick Gaieties: Well sustained merry-making, presenting the wittiest topical satire of the season.

The *Garrick Gaieties* have not been uniformly successful, but however much certain acts in previous productions have smacked of amateurishness, there have always been enough bright spots to make the evening worth while. To the present edition of the *Gaieties,* returning to Broadway for the first time in three years, under the auspices of the Theatre Guild, goes credit for presenting the wittiest topical satire of the season. It will not be difficult to identify the central character. What happens when a well advertised ex-police commissioner returns to work in a well known department store is the subject of this devastating sketch and the audience is not left long in doubt as to the identity of the gentleman with the top hat and the gardenia or of the store in question.

The curtain rises to discover the eager customers at Wanamaker's rushing from counter to counter under the efficient control of a burly police-woman manning a large stop-and-go sign. Impetuous jay-walkers are immediately arrested. One very attractive young lady in search of some red merchandise is promptly slugged by a policeman who is even more promptly decorated with a medal by Mr. Whalen. Two songs follow. The first, "I'm Grover, the gardenia of the law," sung by Philip Loeb as the ex-police commissioner, is merely a prelude. The real event follows. Starting very softly, four policemen advance to the center of the stage and assisted by the chorus in true anthem-like fashion, chant the praises of "Johnny Wanamaker and Mr. Whalen. Little by little, as the virtues of Wanamaker's are enumerated, the chorus of eulogy swells into a jubilant panegyric, all to the refrain, "Anything can be returned." Paul James and Kaye Swift, who wrote the words and music respectively, have achieved a perfect bit of spoofing. Incidentally we have it on the authority of Walter Winchell that Mr. Whalen has threatened the Guild with an injunction restraining the *Gaieties* from holding Wanamaker's (sic) up to ridicule.

While it may be imagined that this irreverent skit at Mr. Whalen's expense is easily the high light of the evening there are plenty of other sketches to sustain the gaiety. Philip Loeb demonstrates his ability as a comedian with Imogene Coca in a scene by Newman Levy, "A Famous Lawyer at Home." Albert Carroll enacts *Strictly Dishonorable* in the manner of Mei Lan-Fang. Sterling Holloway and Cynthia Rogers put over the song "Out of Breath" in unique fashion, and Gretchen Damrosch Finletter's take-off on blind-fold tests for the Persimmons bed is wicked. For intelligence and originality we strongly recommend the *Garrick Gaieties.*

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▶▶ From the Life ◀◀

By IBBY HALL

▶▶*The Room*

HER FATHER'S house had any number of rooms in it. Besides these rooms he owned acres and acres of land, most of it let out to profitable business enterprises.

Then why, she wondered, did she feel so often as though she were in a prison? As though she lived in a room so narrow that she could scarcely stretch her arms out wide (like birds that she had watched flying) without the feeling of walls? If she could have touched them, pounded upon them, shouted against them, she would not have been so bewildered.

She had been told through all her long lifetime of the advantages she would have when she would be grown-up. Grown-up! What did they mean by it? All she asked for was a chance to live, to find out, and be happy. The world was too big ever to see all of it, there were too many people in it ever to find out about in breathless conversation. She knew she could never dance enough, could never learn enough. If they would only let her begin now—not wait to grow up. The advantages they talked about were stupid advantages—more money than somebody else, a bigger house, a better match. What she wanted was more living, more space. Besides, she was fifteen—

She was never to forget, afterwards, that when it began, when she first saw him, she was fifteen. For she knew suddenly and confusedly, that she was grown-up, that a lot of girls married at fourteen, and when would she ever get over being fifteen so that she could do as she pleased? For if she had imagined a prison before, she knew now that she was in one. The big house, the money, the clothes she wore, even, might as well have been high walls topped with spikes.

For, as he explained to her himself, he had nothing except his two hands. And his red hair, she thought, and his great shoulders, and his eyes the way they looked at her steadily and clear. And his honest, husky voice that was Irish and melted her.

And his truck. He mentioned that to her with pride. He was probably the best truck-driver, she thought, in the country. In the world.

But he was older than she—he was past twenty—and he couldn't let her in for anything she would be sorry for —*(Sorry!)* no, and if her father wouldn't hear of it, and they must see each other in secret—*(Oh! but they must! He would believe her in this? Or they would never see each other again!)* well, and he didn't like secrecy, but didn't she see that left it up to him? So she must be sure; and old enough; and that would give him time to be putting by the money that would give them a home. If it was only one room.

One room. She would close her eyes and think about it. . . no walls, and far away as heaven; was there such a place, and would they ever reach it? The two of them walking into a strange room, and a door closing behind them, and all around them nothing but space. . . would she ever be old enough?

While she waited to be grown-up, she tried counting life; counting the times she left her father's house; counting the stolen times no one knew about, when they clutched each others hands and shoulders—looking, looking to see if that other was still alive. If one of them should die before she was grown-up enough, before he had the money! But the minutes crept by like small tortoises crossing wide highways. So she took to counting Sundays.

And after a hundred or more, they were married on a Sunday. He was ready to support her, and he had found a furnished room. She counted the last time that she left her father's house, and the first moment when they could close their own door behind them.

That same evening a detective found them in their room. Two days later the bridegroom was told that the police were looking for him. "They'll not have to be looking," he said firmly, "when I know the way to the station house without asking."

Holding to his arm, and with her head up high, his bride went with him. At the court, they stood side by side until—the law and her father agreeing that still she was not old enough—the bridegroom, for want of bond, was thrown into a cell. As she looked at him behind bars and measured that narrow space, she was told that now she must return to her father's house.

But it was just as she had thought. She looked at the man she had married and the bars were only shadows, while behind her somewhere in a small room was all the space of heaven. "I'll wait for you at home," she said as certainly as though she were already grown-up. And shrugging off the order of the court, she walked back to their furnished room.

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The Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

Three Sing Sing Films

DURING the recent season Broadway has had two stage plays showing what happens to men in a penitentiary. Last week Warners, Fox and Paramount each displayed films in which the grim, grey walls of Sing Sing appeared in the first reel. None of these pictures is really first rate, and *Numbered Men* is merely more movie hooey. After going through years of jolly-good-fellow war movies the producers finally got up the courage to do the realistic *Journey's End* and *All Quiet*. Apparently we are going to have a series of jolly-good-fellow prison movies before we have anything with the terror and agony which are in *The Criminal Code* and *The Last Mile* of the legitimate stage.

Of these three prison films Paramount's *Shadow of the Law* with William Powell is the best from every point of view—although it has a score of cock-eyed and impossible situations. Escaped from Sing Sing (where he was imprisoned for a murder he did not commit), Mr. Powell boldly goes into business in the South and in two years is about to marry his boss's daughter. Only if you are fascinated by William Powell's smooth performance will you be able to overlook the unexplained situations which occur in *Shadow of the Law*.

The Fox company's contribution is *Born Reckless* made from the novel *Louis Beretti* with Edmund Lowe. Mr. Lowe does well enough as the gangster who is by turns war-hero and high-class bootlegger, but a great wind seems to have swept through the cutting room during the assembling of the film, with the result that it is as incoherent as anything I have yet seen. In plot it resembles Bancroft's *Ladies Love Brutes*.

Numbered Men is a sugar-sweet version of penitentiary life with Conrad Nagle looking like an actor who is trying very hard to pretend he is a convict—and not fooling anybody. Prison is such fun! You get on the preferred list and do road work. Beside the road is a farmhouse where a nice white-haired old lady comes out and gives you doughnuts. Working in the farmhouse is one of the convict's girl friends. While the other boys are breaking rock he and she are in the kitchen necking in a closeup. Raymond Hackett is the boy and he is trying to imitate Chester Morris' eye-popping and chin-thrusting. A ham model, if Mr. Hackett wants my advice.

Worth Seeing

The Big Pond: Maurice Chevalier in his most casual and charming film.
All Quiet on the Western Front: Nine out of ten agree that this is the finest war film ever made. Remarque's book is unchanged.
The Florodora Girl: Marion Davies as one of the famous Sextette—good comedy and funny costumes.
Journey's End: A faithful film transcript of the British war play.
The Man From Blankley's: John Barrymore in a slightly insane comedy.
The Silent Enemy: Ojibway Indians fighting hunger in the chilly north-west. Good animal pictures.
The Texan: Gary Cooper as a cowboy who goes to South America in the old days.

Not So Good

Midnight Mystery: A good idea for a murder story surrounded by bad dialogue. Good in spots.
One Romantic Night: Lillian Gish's first talkie—a stilted story of a princess who must marry for reasons of state. The rest of the cast is depressing.

Universal

HOME ON LEAVE

Paul listens to the beer-mug patriots—Lewis Ayres in "All Quiet on the Western Front"

"In Gay Madrid"

Over three thousand, two hundred and forty sex-starved women giggled, gurgled, burpled, warpled and made other strange feminine noises in my immediate vicinity during the showing of *In Gay Madrid*. Surprise! It's about the mating instinct, known to ree-fined people as "love." Ramon Novarro—who really sings charmingly—appears in a monstrously silly story about college life in modern Madrid. He loves Dorothy Jordan, the sister of a classmate, and she loves him—and *there's* a novel situation! Surrounding Mr. Novarro are a lot of Jewish Hollywood boys equipped with guitars. You see, everybody knows that the Spanish are a dark people and fond of music. Good mid-western morals crop out *In Gay Madrid* when somebody says of the student Novarro, "A dinner in a wine-shop is not the kind of dinner you should attend."

Ash to Ashes

American womanhood has gone back on Paul Ash. A couple of years ago this movie stage-show master of ceremonies, distinguished by his red hair, the extreme width of his pants and his inevitable introduction "now folks, we're gonna show you a ver-y, ver-y sweet li'll girl," created a furore in Chicago. When he made his first trip to New York the Paul Ash Fan Club numbering several thousand gave him a tearful, farewell banquet. A month ago he returned to Chicago and after he had been appearing one week the Paul Ash Fan Club, according to *Variety*, called a conference and burned its constitution. Either our young girls are fickle, or else they are growing up.

Important

The only new film of real value is the Movitone newsreel of Mussolini inciting his people against the French. Future historians will be able to assign the blame for the coming war without speaking a word. Mussolini speaks—or rather roars—for himself.

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▶▶ Joseph Urban ◀◀

By ARTHUR STRAWN

ALTHOUGH Joseph Urban is perhaps best known for his gorgeous decorations for Mr. Ziegfeld's *Follies* and the productions of the Metropolitan Opera, these are actually minor expressions of one of the most versatile artistic talents functioning today. A list of Urban's activities reveals a variety of interests reminiscent of the fertile Renaissance artists and craftsmen, a variety rare in a day of specialization.

In short, it is possible for a person to walk out of a house designed by Urban, to pack one's clothes in a trunk he designed, to go for a ride in an automobile of his design, to drive to a theatre of his creation to see a show for which he did the sets, then to go to any one of a number of restaurants or nightclubs he decorated, and after dining to spend the night in a hotel, the furnishings and decorations of which again reflect Urban.

The amount of energy and industry such fertile production requires is considerable. Thus one is surprised on meeting Urban to find a huge soft man of Falstaffian girth, soft grey eyes, soft voice and the gentlest of manners—altogether, one would conclude, an indolent and pleasure-loving soul. The pleasure-loving part would be accurate enough. He likes good food and stores away vast quantities of caviar, imported delicacies and white wine. He would be unhappy without luxurious surroundings, his rich furnishings and expensive cars. Thus even if Urban were inclined to be indolent, the need to satisfy these expensive tastes eliminates the possibility of leisure.

He is a prodigious worker. His home is in Yonkers, and every morning at ten-thirty he commutes in his limousine to his studio in mid-New York. Then he sketches and plans steadily into the evening. Sometimes dinner is fixed for him in the studio and he remains there, working alone until midnight. On other evenings, after he has dined at home, he usually retires for a session with his drawing board that lasts until two or three in the morning. As architect, decorator or designer he is at this time working on a dozen projects, including a building for a nursery and the building for the New School of Social Research in New York, sets for Deems Taylor's new opera, *Peter Ibbetson*, and a forthcoming production of the *Follies*, decoration of a new hotel about to open on Atlantic Beach, Long Island, and designs for the new Ruxton automobile. July and August he will spend in Hollywood as art director for several elaborate moving picture productions.

"Rotation of jobs," says Urban, "like rotation of crops, aids fertility; it helps me keep the grey matter in working condition."

The soft, but unmistakable accent that marks Urban's speech is Viennese. He was born in Vienna fifty-eight years ago. His father, a leading educator, wanted his son to become a lawyer. After he had paid for two years of tuition and textbooks at law school, he happened to meet the professor supposed to be Joseph's teacher. An inquiry about the boy's progress revealed that the professor knew of no such student. Further investigation showed that Joseph had spent those two years studying art, at the Academy in the mornings, and at the Polytechnic in the afternoons. At the age of twenty-three, with another year to go before being graduated in architecture, Urban got his first commission and went to Cairo to decorate the Abdin Palace for the Khedive. Then he returned to Vienna and prospered, designing a castle for Count Carl Esterhazy, the Rathskeller in the Vienna Town Hall, the Czar's bridge over the Neva. He won many public competitions and received decorations from the Austrian, German and Russian governments.

Keystone

JOSEPH URBAN

His connection with the stage, for which he is best known today, came accidentally. The illustrations he made for some volumes of fairy tales brought him an offer to make settings for productions at the Burg-theater. In the eight years following 1904 Urban designed fifty productions in Europe. In 1912 he was imported as art director of the Boston Opera House. He designed fifteen operas before the War killed the Boston Opera in 1914 and threw Urban onto Broadway.

It was Urban's gorgeous decorations that transformed the *Follies* from rough and naughty comedy into the chromatic glorification we know today. In those days William Randolph Hearst was making moving pictures. He saw Urban's sets for the *Follies* and employed him for three or four years at several thousand dollars a week to work in his Harlem studio. Some people in Texas saw one of the pictures that showed a ranch house Urban had built for the production. They liked it so much they asked Urban to build one like it for them. Urban did, and that marked his return to architecture after many years' absence. Since then he has built a number of homes and clubs in Florida, several theatres in New York, and three buildings there that are not yet completed. A few years ago he opened a shop in Fifth Avenue to sell art objects turned out by artists who were having a hard time in post-war Vienna. That adventure in sentiment cost him $125,000. Generous to a fault, he needs the tremendous income his work brings him.

Hungarian Borgias

(Continued from Page 253)

to an Easter feast, where she gave them each a beautiful bouquet, and begged to be allowed to take care of them the rest of their lives in return for their property. Uncle Sziros signed on the dotted line—and died that night.

The following year Juliane invited the disconsolate widow to another Easter party. The gypsy band played the wonderful music of old Hungary. The men guests wore braided blue jackets and stuck flowers in their hats. The women's gaily embroidered dresses had full short skirts that swung in the dance. The party went on in the house and in the garden and there was plenty to eat and plenty to drink and all the happy noise in the world—until the old widow gave a loud cry of pain and collapsed, dying a few hours later. Frau Juliane Lipka had now six acres of land.

Paul Lipka, her husband, grew suspicious and Juliane was obliged to poison him. She did it with the same hospitable and festive gesture, on Christmas eve, by means of arsenic in his rum and tea. She was now a landed

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▶▶In This Issue◀◀

PAUL M. MAZUR is a writer on economics and a partner in the firm of Lehman Brothers, New York. Mr. Mazur is also the author of *American Prosperity* and *America Looks Abroad.*

CLAUDE BRAGDON is well known as an architect and theosophist. He is also the designer of Walter Hampden's theatrical productions and author of numerous volumes, among them *Four Dimensional Vistas* and *Old Lamps for New.*

CHARLES MORROW WILSON is a resident of Arkansas and author of a forthcoming book on the customs of the hill men of his native state.

MARY ALDEN HOPKINS specializes in sociology and psychology and contributes frequently to the magazines. Miss Hopkins is also author of *I've Got Your Number.*

▶▶Next Week◀◀

Noises on the Air, by Johann Smertenko.

Among the many benefits which its supporters claimed radio broadcasting would confer upon humanity was the dissemination of culture to the masses. Radio was to be the great educator. Music, philosophy, religion were to be spread upon the air to be obtained for the mere turning of a dial. Something, the author claims, has gone wrong with this program. Whether the advertiser who wishes to push his dentrifice or the public that revels in the adventures of *Amos 'n' Andy* is to blame is not certain. That current American programs show a preponderance of triviality and vulgarity is indisputable.

Return from Exile, by Hiram Motherwell.

Four years ago the author offered to bet that Prince Carol would some day return to the throne of Rumania. On June 8 by a vote of 486 to 1 the Rumanian Parliament annulled Carol's abdication and proclaimed him king. Although Carol II as he is now to be known, is no Charlemagne, he is not, Mr. Motherwell claims, as weak as he has been made to appear. Underlying the story of his abdication and liaison with Magda Lupescu is the record of his struggle with the corrupt Bratianu government. Carol's real sin, at least in the eyes of Bratianu, the author concludes, was that he loved the wrong woman.

Irving Babbitt: Calvinist, by Harry Salpeter.

Out of the fury of the storm raging about the discussion of Humanism, which has so exercised literary New York, arises one question—What is Humanism? Its apostle, Professor Irving Babbitt, is well known, but its essence still remains indefinable. What Humanism is not, however, has been made very clear and includes almost everything generally regarded as art, literature or philosophy. This apparent anomaly, the author claims, is understandable in the light of the personality of Irving Babbitt, a man who has read a great deal and who "has rejected most of what he has read because it was not felt, thought or written in order that it might be fitted into the short and narrow Procrustes bed of his neuter, if not negative, morality."

Ex-Patriot, by Stoyan Christowe.

The author, at one time, worked as a track hand for the Great Northern railroad. As such he was a member of a track gang, largely composed of fellow immigrants, who slept in bunk-cars and were transported at night to any point on the line which required their attention. Among this company was a burly Balkan giant who had taken his newly assimilated Americanism, with its ideals and freedom, very seriously. Mr. Christowe describes the disastrous effects on the budding spirit of liberty caused by a freight engineer's too rough handling of a bunch of "damn ignorant foreigners."

proprietor, with the social position accompanying ownership. The woman's thoughts were of her land all the time she was waiting trial. She seemed not to understand the seriousness of her position.

"When may I go home, Mr. Advocate?" she kept asking her lawyer. "They will auction off all my property while I am here."

Nightmarish unreality obscures the whole series of crimes. Lydia Olah, Tante Susi's sister, accused of complicity, called attention to the fact that she had not poisoned her seventy-five-year-old husband. If she did not poison him, ran her argument, why should she help poison other women's husbands? Maria Varga, another poisoner, was sentenced to imprisonment for life for poisoning her blind soldier husband. After his death his ghost tapped about her courtyard at night and pressed his sightless face against her window glass, she asserted, forcing her to take a lover for protection. Later she poisoned the lover, apparently because he was too old for farm work.

THE MURDERESSES were chiefly of the heavy, stolid type; slow-thinking and secretive. One sees them consulting, deliberating, whispering with kerchiefed heads close together; slipping little bottles of "the medicine" from hand to hand; peering at the designated victim; and later walking sedately behind the coffin to place wreaths on the new grave. They were very neighborly about it all and very important.

The men, hard working, brutal to their women, were scornful at first of all the women's clandestine consultations with the midwife and all the furtive gossipings with neighbors. Later growing suspicious and uneasy, they were uncertain how to act or whether to act at all. The business was too unnatural to be understood. The men could not comprehend that the power of death lay in their women's hands.

Discovery was slow because the local authorities were strangely loath to move even when rumors had been flying about for a long time. Rosa Holyba's second husband, for example, was an elderly man with eight children by his first wife. After Rosa, herself a widow, married him, she began, according to the neighbors, to lead a mad life "as if hell had broken loose" and squandered his property. One day she called a doctor for her husband's sore throat. The next time the doctor was in the village he learned that the man had died. The doctor asserted that there must have been foul play. He laid the facts before the public prosecutor and asked to have the body exhumed. The magistrate objected that it would cost too much. After an official inquiry had turned up no incriminating evidence, the case was dropped. At the trial years later it transpired that the husband had died of arsenic, for which his wife had paid Tante Susi fourteen dollars.

Not until 1929 was decisive action taken. By that time accusations were coming too thick and fast to be ignored. The women had grown careless. Two men had failed to die and were clamoring for revenge on the women who had given them poisoned wine.

Vengeance began on Peter-Paul's Day, the 29th of June. Harvest begins the following day. The men and women of Nagyrev and Tiszakurt were holding the usual fête, from house to house and up and down the streets. Holiday costumes, drink and more drink, the marvellous music of gypsy bands, eating and dancing—a last noisy merrymaking before the heavy labor of the harvest.

Then the gendarmerie descended upon Tiszakurt. They went from house to house, arresting women. They bunched the women together out in the open while the rest of the village ranged around horror-stricken. The questioning began. The women denied everything. Finally a man broke down and confessed; he was one of the very few men involved. Hysteria swept the crowd. The women confessed, one after another. A batch was sent down the river Theiss to the prison at Szolnok. There they repeated their confessions. All but the midwife, Tante Susi. She steadfastly maintained her ignorance and her innocence.

When Tante Susi persisted in her assertions of innocence the Szolnok authorities laid a trap for her. "The prosecuting attorney allowed Tante Susi to go home again," writes the reporter of the *Die Nieue Freie Presse* of Budapest, "but gave the police orders to watch her carefully and also to visit every home where she called after her release." Tante Susi, who had arranged some forty murders successfully, had never heard of shadowing. "Hardly had she arrived in Nagyrev when she began to hurry from house to house, unaware that the gendarmes were on her heels. The gendarmes arrested a whole squad of women. Finally Tante Susi saw that she was being followed and knew that all was up. She went home at once and waited for them to come for her. When the sun flashed on bayonets of the gendarmes behind the garden fence, she drew out a small bottle of poison which she had hidden under her apron and gulped it down unhesitatingly. An hour later she was dead." This intrepid old

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murderess was sixty-nine years old.

With Tante Susi's death the women lost their courage. Graves in the cemeteries of Nagyrev, Tiszakurt and nearby Cibakhaza gave up corpse after corpse reeking with arsenic. Even the earth under the bodies was saturated with the poison. Terror-stricken women came in the night to grab away the crosses and other identifying marks of unopened graves. Four more women committed suicide. All the district of Theisswinkel was paralyzed with fear.

By the time the trials began in December at Szolnok, the women had recovered their nerve and repudiated their confessions. They were tried in small groups. The courtroom at the first trial was crowded with as many people as could obtain admission cards. Three picturesquely contrasting classes rubbed elbows. The audience was made up chiefly of smartly dressed folk agog with the sensation; dignified magistrates, lawyers, newspaper men from far and wide, with a scattering of doctors, scientists and other professional men shocked that so neglected and ingrowing a community could exist hardly more than fifty miles from the cultured city of Budapest. Sharply unlike these sophisticated people were the dozens of peasant witnesses dressed in the national costumes of the Hungarian lowlands. Some of the men wore sheepskin coats, leather side out, embroidered with gay colors in lovely designs. The women wore beautiful thick Hungarian shawls with heavy fringes, and tied gay handkerchiefs under their chins.

Against this theatrical background the prisoners stood out. None of the first four to be tried was young; their ages varied from forty-four to seventy-one. They had heavy faces, rather flat, with high cheek bones. They wore dark, shabby, old-fashioned dresses and heavy coats or shawls. Their heads were covered with black kerchiefs tied under their chins. Their hands were meekly clasped in front of them in the immemorial gesture of women who hold shawls around their bodies.

Judging from the verdicts in the trials so far reported, the tendency seems to be to condemn to hanging those women who murdered blood relatives and to give life imprisonment to those who murdered husbands or lovers. Several reasons exist for the comparative infrequency of the death penalty in this homicidal debauch. First, there are so many of the criminals. It would take hardened natures to hang women wholesale, and a hardened country to stand for it. Second, there is the confusion of the testimony, and the lack of clear-cut evidence. Many women confessed to the police magistrates and repudiated their confessions in court on the ground of third degree methods. When the district attorney was able to break down their stolid, stupid denials, they contradicted themselves in a most confusing manner. They lied like frightened children. They accused each other hysterically. While it is clear that the dead people were poisoned, it is almost impossible to get clear-cut evidence about deaths that occurred years ago.

But the real reason of the comparative leniency of the sentences is that the whole proud land of Hungary feels itself guilty. The ruling class is shocked and shamed at the discovery of a district so neglected by educational and religious authorities. Magyar culture is admired throughout the civilized world. Budapest rivals Vienna in art. Hungarian musicians, artists, and scientists are welcomed in the United States. Much of the peasantry is of a high order. Although the Hungarians themselves were appalled to find that the illiteracy rate in Theisswinkel was around thirty per cent, yet even that is far, far lower than the illiteracy of the neighboring Slavic countries. The peasants are famous for their embroideries, their wood work, their marvellous color sense, and their almost delirious love of music. Their natures are a strange combination of simplicity, secretiveness, brutality, and artistic fancy.

Right in the center of Magyar pride and Magyar culture existed this village of Cain. Cut off from the world by impassable roads, twenty-five miles from a railroad, the people lived in a state of educational neglect and religious apathy. Similar communities can be found in every country in the world. Already the Hungarian authorities have begun a community housecleaning and Theisswinkel will soon have live churches and schools. The fierce energy which could produce demoniac women will be turned toward more constructive ends than wholesale murder.

Tragedy of the Tariff

(Continued from Page 248)

—in the Far and the Near East and in the Latin Americas—there are signs of increasing Westernization. Westernization means increased consumption, and Europe and America are the major contenders for the satisfaction of demand in the rest of the world. At present, the United States has the competitive advantage of mass production and the ability to finance its customers by granting loans, extending credits, and apply-

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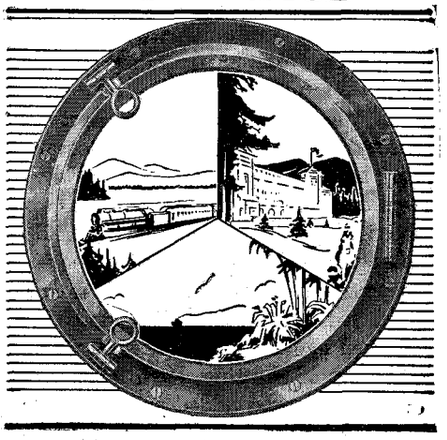

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ing the instalment plan. Europe has not yet reached our level of industrial maturity and is financially handicapped by her debtor status. To America more than any other nation belongs the harvest of world-trade. To limit our export trade is to limit our future.

To cripple our export industry at present is to lose contact with the markets of the world. To create a sentiment adverse to American sales and develop in the rest of the world the habit of erecting barriers against our products is surely an ill-advised achievement. If we wall ourselves in, we also wall ourselves out; we automatically exclude ourselves from participation in international trade.

It would be stupidity to barter industry's golden opportunity of tomorrow for an illusory protection today. It would be dangerous, too. Our mass production system is still a giant difficult to regulate. Mass production continues to pour out its products with little regard for demand, until it finds itself checked suddenly by a dearth of sales. The cost of shutting down large plants is enormous and added expense in selling carves slices out of profits. Measures of control are a desirability, indeed a necessity; but they are not yet a reality. At present our mass production system is vastly more in need of markets than it is of protection. Many of our industries, due to the economies inherent in quantity production, can whip single-handed almost any foreign competitor. Our automobile industry is an example of an industry that does not require a protecting hand; the American automobile plants can dispense with tariff protection and still anticipate no deluge of Austins and Citroyens. But additional markets can always be used, and are in many cases a necessity.

MASS PRODUCTION is constantly improving its technique, and technological unemployment—unemployment resulting from the displacement of labor by improvements in the methods of production—is an increasingly important problem. Industry does not always absorb these unemployed, nor is the already crowded field of distribution likely to accommodate many of them. Public works—another possible solution of unemployment—are sporadic and somehow never quite come up to expectations. An increasingly large export trade, alone, seems capable of absorbing the unemployed of the nation and ensuring economic and social stability. The present industrial structure is no triumph of economic architecture, and is in constant need of props and buttresses. The removal of these and the failure to add new supports when they are needed is no great evidence of wisdom.

From every industrial point of view there are unmistakable indications that the proposed tariff does not harmonize with our changed economic conditions and that it will have tragic consequences. But if the tariff is industrially untenable, it is not less objectionable on other grounds. It imposes a heavy burden on the consumer, and in so far as the much suffering farmer is a consumer, he will lose more than he gains by the very questionable protection he receives from the Bill. In so far as industry consumes goods, it will be handicapped by increased costs; and if these are passed on to the consumer, the latter will have to pay still higher prices. The imposition of duties on some fifteen hundred commodities cannot but place a toll upon practically every article of food, apparel, and shelter that the average American consumer requires.

FINALLY, our national reputation is certain to suffer from our selfish and narrow-minded policy. For more than a decade, we have held the moral leadership of the world. It is to an important degree through American efforts that the wounds of war are being healed and the nations are taking some initial steps towards disarmament. The moral pressure we have been able to exert upon the other countries must be greatly reduced by a policy that irks and stampedes them. They are indebted to us to the net extent of sixteen billion dollars, and it is highly inconsistent of the nation that preaches the gospel of peace and amity to place difficulties in the way of payment. Legally, we have a sovereign right to exclude or admit whatever we wish. Morally, we have little justification. The world takes cognizance of the fact that we are not a weak nation defending itself against the encroachments of a superior power, but a powerful nation stripping the weak of the means of economic stability. If we are accused of the grossest hypocrisy by other countries it must be granted that their provocation is great. We may remain the world's colossus, perhaps, without their good opinion, but our rôle on the stage of enlightened humanity will be a pitiable one.

Our self-interest, our national pride, and our moral sense clamor for a reconsideration of our tariff position. They bid us transcend the narrow provincial outlook that does not see beyond the single industry and the single country. They call for a larger view, more consonant with the international character of modern trade and government. One does not have to be an ultra free-trader to heed the warning voice; one does not have to be a free-trader at all. Tariff may be regarded as a necessary instrument in the present economic order. But tariff is a double-edged sword to be wielded only by those who understand its nature. Eventually it must be removed from the control of politics, and placed in the hands of experts who have no ax to grind, no constituencies to placate, and no party dogmas to observe. But at the present moment, it is of the highest importance that those in whose hands the issue now lies take cognizance of the fallacy, the futility, and the dangers of the new tariff, and act not for party, but for country.

Arkansas Fox Hunt

(Continued from Page 251)

ball dawg out thar with a bark like filin' the drags off'n a cross-cut saw. That there one's my dawg, and he's descended direct from the first pack of old-time genu-wine fox-hunters."

Jedge Lem, coon hunter and barrister innocent of law books, slapped his plump knee and exuded soft zephyrs of merriment:

"Now, Sam'l, that ain't no hound—that's jest a fyste pup settin' on a pile of boards hollerin'."

A MOONSHINER and a tie-cutter were starting a watch fire on the wind-protected side of a venerable oak stump. New flames took heartily at the tendering of dead brush and dry faggots.

Wit was ready and free-flowing. So, too, was the moonshine, limpid watery nectar with a faint aroma of smoke. Jedge Lem hazarded a sip from an earthen jug.

"Hit's made out of rotten pertaters flavored with pepper."

But the quaff appeared to have packed a convivial zest.

"You know, the other day me and Uncle Sennacy Hawson was talkin' about old times and last sayin's. I could see Sennacy was gettin' considerable wrought up, and directly he says:

" 'But, Lem, what would you say if somebody was to tell hit about that the friendship betwixt me and you had growed cold?'

" 'Well, Sennacy,' I says, 'that bein' the case hit wouldn't be necessary to say nothin'. . . . But hit won't never grow cold, Sennacy. Hit'll last jest as long as either one of us does. And as fer me, they ain't nothin' wrong with me except colery morbus, vericose veins, leakage of the heart and cancer of the stummick.'

" 'Lem,' he says, 'we'll be friends to

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the fightin' last.'

"And when he says that, the tears come bulgin' to his eyes.

"But when I see him this mornin' I says, 'Well, Sennacy, I've changed my mind about dyin' off. . . . I've decided to live anyhow for another thirty year.' "

The old hillman stroked a plump knee and exuded soft zephyrs of merriment.

"Yes, sir, I've been through about all the paces from a slow walk to a gallop. . . . And I've lived glad. Ever' day has been welcome. . . . I've tried not to do nobody no harm and maybe to do 'em a little good. And I'm tellin' you, brother, life is good to taste. Hit's precious . . . and I ain't got no reason for believin' that the next run will be any weaker than this here one."

There were cogitative murmurings of assent. Night wind touched the thinning tree-tops and a murmur arose, like the song of a distant ocean. A lank, kindly featured plowman was improvising games of mumblepeg with a very much nicked bone-handled pocket-knife.

"And you know, us folks ain't a-tall on-fortunate in livin' the way we do, neither."

He stooped forward and with a deft gesture twirled the knife groundward from the tip of a sunburnt ear. The fore-blade landed with vertical directness.

"You know, I come from Post Oak, and that there place is plumb downright backwoodsy. Yessuh, along that bend of the crick Old Pap Eason is about the only feller as knows how to read and write.

"Well, suh, about seven of us chipped in and taken the Springfield newspaper and asked Pap would he read hit to us. He done it all right. And one day about a dozen of us was a-settin' around listenin' and Pap he was readin' where the paper said as how ever'body had ought to plow their corn mighty deep because it looked like droughts was comin'.

"We was all sorta stumped at that and so d'rectly Mart Miller says, 'Say, Pap, what's a drought?'

"Pap pulled at his chin whiskers for a spell and struck up a pipeful of green terbaccer, then he says:

" 'Well, Mart, I ain't none too shore, but if I ain't mightily mistakened a drought is one of them new-fangled varmints that's a cross betwixt a coon and a wildcat. They're shore hell on corn.' "

A good dozen chases rose and fell. But the foxes were out-smarting the hounds. Time and again the uproar of full pursuit gave way to intermittent yappings of uncertainty. Then the lead hound would catch the trail again, make uproarious advances, only to subside into whining silence.

"He's skipped 'em by again. Hit's shorely the old cotton-white."

"Mought be. Then again mought be jest a crafty old red fox."

We listened until the moon had swung itself across the sky and the chill of early morning had come into the air. Then a shadow approached, slight and gray in the waning moonlight. It was Henry, the starter.

"I reckon that's all. The dawgs is all trailed off away past Pea Ridge. I don't reckon they'll be home before noon-time tomorry."

What Is Repertory?

(Continued from Page 263)

theatre at all, but in our opera houses, unless we except a part of the endeavors of traveling Shakespeare companies which modified their "repertory" violently enough in the large cities but occasionally returned to true repertory in a week-stand engagement.

When, in the spring of 1926, I determined to crystallize the ambitions born of European childhood observations and experiences and to found the Civic Repertory Theatre, I made my mind that the only way to put the breath of life back into repertory—idea and word—was to go the whole distance at once. No compromise, no temporizing. If repertory were really the natural and normal form of the theatre, it would speak for itself. And it spoke! The play on which the curtain rose in Fourteenth Street in New York, Benavente's *Saturday Night*, was a flat and unmistakable failure. Did that discourage us? Not at all, for the Ibsen plays, *The Master Builder* and *John Gabriel Bjorkman*, were readily inherited from my two previous seasons as an independent producer. And our second new production, Tchekhoff's *Three Sisters*, was ready to enter the schedule before the first week was over, an entry whose success counterbalanced discouragement over the first night's failure.

So it has gone ever since. The strong plays help the weak plays, even tide them over at times until they, too, become strong. Again and again I have been urged to capitalize success, but such a course would have been fatuous and short-sighted and false to the faith in repertory on which the theatre was founded. If I have anything to say to those who are eager to found repertory theatres in other cities, anything beyond the message implicit in my work itself, it is this: "Be honest with your thought and your use of the word 'repertory.' Anything less than complete honesty with yourselves and with your public will prove to be a boomerang. But in repertory, true repertory, lies the future of the American theatre."

Idols

(Continued from Page 249)

to make you bow down to the Moloch of Success. Earn an honest living somehow, fulfil your obligations and clean up your messes—render unto Caesar—but everything left in the house for breakfast as it were *is yours*—to do what you please with. Do with it *whatever pleases you*. Devote yourself to *the thing that thrills you*, for that will be the sure index of the direction in which your talents lie. Never mind whether it is profitable, so long as it is profitable to your happiness. This is the effective way of becoming a useful member of society, because you will have augmented, by your own happiness, the sum-total of happiness in the world. You will also be by way of becoming a real human being instead of a standardized factory product, with however high a polish and however resounding a trade name.

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